August 6, 2001

WFB REMEMBERS WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE REFUGE OF SCOUNDRELS

JONAH GOLDBERG ON 'ANWR,'

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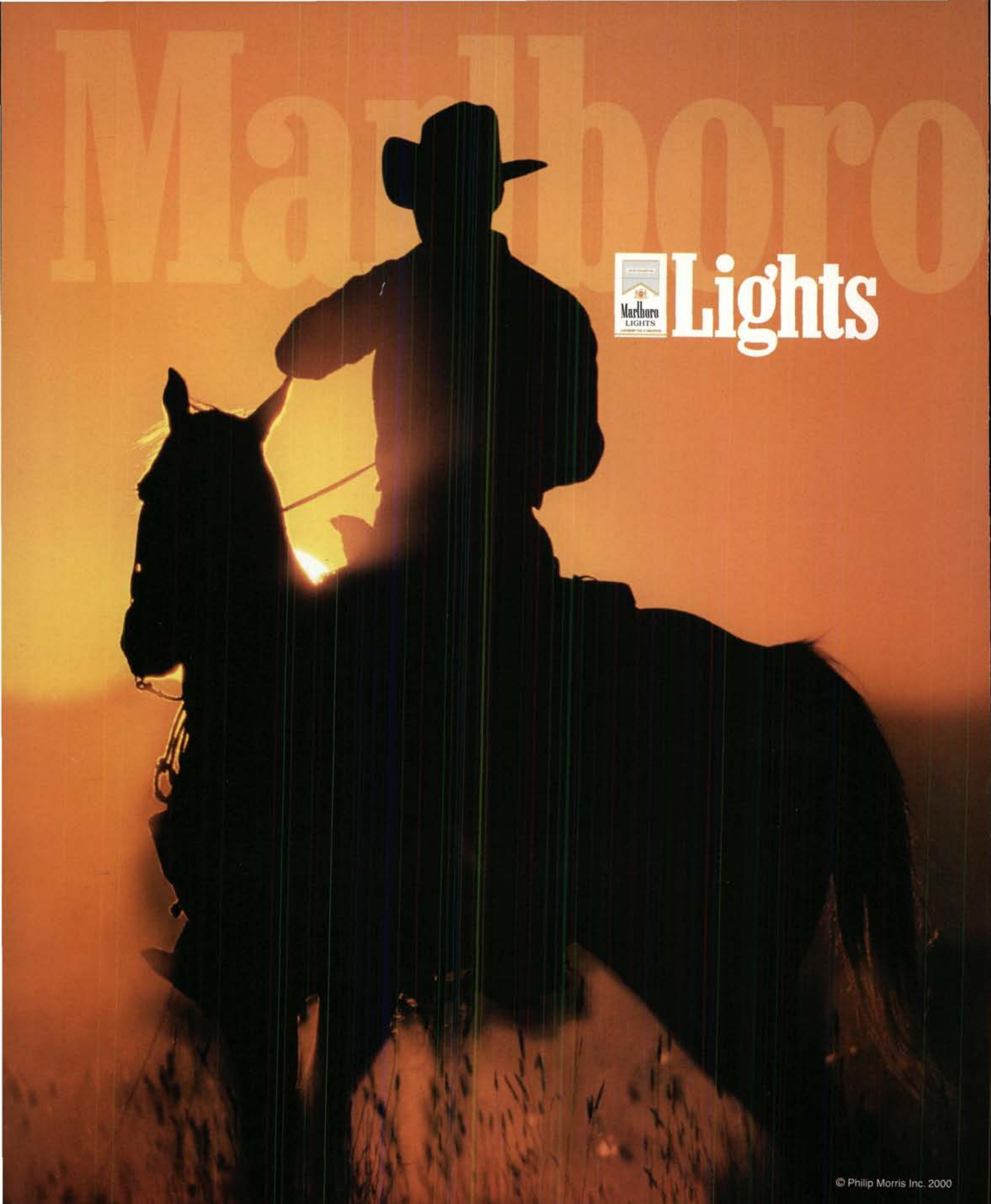

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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 6, 2001 VOL. LIII, NO. 15

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■ LETTERS ■

THE MARRIAGE AMENDMENT

In the July 23 issue, the Editors ("In Need of Amendment") and Robert P. George ("The 28th Amendment") argue for a constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage. Conservatives ought to think harder before heading down this path. Same-sex marriage is not only good policy, it is good conservative policy.

Conservatives know the importance of long-term, committed relationships for both individual happiness and social stability. They understand that no other form of commitment can touch the durability and depth of marriage. They realize that opposite-sex marriage is not an option for homosexuals. So why not draw homosexuals into the embrace of marriage, with all its benefits? Because, says George, same-sex marriage would wreck the institution.

Neither George nor the Editors offer argument or evidence to support this essential claim. The closest they come is George's flat assertion that marriage "is intelligible and defensible as a one-flesh union whose character and value give a man and a woman moral reasons" to pledge fidelity and permanence. But that, of course, is nothing more than a tautology: Same-sex marriage can't be marriage because it's same-sex.

Actually, same-sex marriage would strengthen marriage by making it a universal and unique aspiration, by signaling that marriage is for everyone, and that all who want the benefits of marriage should get married. Before banning same-sex marriage, George and the Editors should consider the likely real-world result: a profusion of partnership benefits and other forms of "lite marriage" that would turn marriage into just another bonbon in a candy box of legal and financial arrangements.

Barring millions of Americans from signing the most ennobling of all pacts—the commitment to love and care for another human being, till death do you part—is not only unjust but unwise, for all the reasons that separating love from marriage has always been unwise. A robust public debate on an amendment banning gay marriage will bring a lot of conservatives around to what is, at bottom, a deeply conservative idea that is also deeply consonant with the American idea.

Jonathan Rauch
Washington, D.C.

I'm shocked that NATIONAL REVIEW, long a defender of constitutional conservatism, should have so blithely supported such an anticonservative notion as this constitutional amendment. Such amendments should not be rashly considered, let alone rashly endorsed. This is particularly true of an amendment that tramples on any notion of federalism, that egregiously violates states' rights, and that seeks to impose a uniform settlement on an entire country in perpetuity. The amendment is more typical of the excesses of modern liberalism than anything vaguely conservative.

In the United States, marriage is now, and has always been, a state matter. The federal government and the Constitution have no role in this area—as a matter of history and as a matter of law. Even during the ordeal of the battle over miscegenation laws, the federal government never intervened to impose a settlement on the states as they fought among themselves about who had a right to marry and who did not. This long and settled constitutional practice with regard to marriage was trashed in 1996, when the Republican Congress and President Clinton, for nakedly political reasons in an election year, passed the first and last federal law regulating marriage, the Defense of Marriage Act. But even then, that law allowed states that wanted to experiment with same-sex marriage to have a chance to do so.

Since then, two states have dealt with the matter definitively: Hawaii and Vermont. Both states were presented with the issue by the courts. This is not unusual. Important matters of civil rights are often first broached in the courts. In Hawaii, the legislature and voters overruled the court. In Vermont, the legislators and voters backed the court. There was no judicial tyranny. The voters in both states had a chance to deliberate and vote on the matter—and they came to different conclusions. That's the beauty of federalism, as the Founding Fathers recognized. Why, in this instance, can you not return to the true conservative position and recognize it yourselves?

Andrew Sullivan
Washington, D.C.

Continued on page 4

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Advertising and the Informed Patient

Merrill Matthews Jr., Ph.D.

Sometimes the benefits of freedom of speech are best seen in the little things. Take direct-to-consumer (DTC) drug advertising, for example.

Increasingly, patients and healthcare consumers want access to information. One recent survey found that more than 50 percent of adults who go on the Web use it for healthcare information.

Advertising is only a vehicle for getting information to potential customers. With respect to prescription drugs, it may be the most cost effective way to reach people with information about widespread medical conditions and new drugs to treat them.

In the United States, DTC drug advertising has been growing by leaps and bounds. In less than a decade, it has increased from $55 million (1991) to $1.8 billion (1999).

U.S. consumers appear to like the fact that pharmaceutical companies are reaching out directly to them. According to a recent survey by the federal Food and Drug Administration:

- 51 percent of respondents who had seen a doctor in the last three months said that a prescription drug ad caused them to look for more information about the drug.
- And 72 percent rejected the notion that prescription drug advertisements made it seem that a doctor wasn't needed to decide if a drug was right for them.

As a result of this information outreach people with medical conditions – many of whom simply decided to live with the condition since they had no idea an effective treatment existed – are now seeking care. And they're getting relief.

However, most European countries and Canada either prohibit or severely limit such advertising. As a result of these restrictions on speech, Europeans and Canadians are effectively being excluded from the healthcare information revolution that is going on in the United States.

Increasingly, patients and healthcare consumers want access to information

Critics of DTC advertising claim that it increases total healthcare spending, which is one reason why countries with government-funded healthcare systems restrict such ads.

It is true that total healthcare spending may go up, but there is nothing wrong with that if people are getting treated for medical conditions that had gone undiagnosed. Is it better to leave people with treatable medical conditions untreated and in pain because a government or insurance company doesn't want people to know there is a cure?

Some critics also contend that advertising makes drugs more expensive. But such concerns reveal a lack of understanding about the effect of advertising. In a competitive market, advertising can – and should – lower costs by expanding consumer awareness and increasing sales, lowering the fixed costs per consumer.

The drug industry is very competitive; no drug company has more than 5 to 6 percent of the worldwide pharmaceutical market. The fact is that in a competitive market, drug companies cannot just add the cost of advertising to the price of their products because they could lose market share.

Just consider that among the top 50 prescription drugs advertised DTC in the U.S. in 1999:

- Three were oral antihistamines for allergies.
- Four were inhaled respiratory steroids.
- Three were oral diabetes medications.
- Three were antiarthritic drugs.

The growing level of competition forces drug companies to keep prices down. For example, the first prescription antidepressant was released in 1988. All of the subsequent antidepressants were launched at a lower price than the original drug, indicating an attempt to gain market share. Thus competition led to more choices and lower prices.

A generation ago physicians were the possessors of all medical information. Patients went to physicians and accepted evaluations and diagnoses almost without question. Today, things are very different. Increasingly, healthcare is shifting from a physician-directed system to a patient-directed one. And direct-to-consumer pharmaceutical ads are a response to the transitional process, not the cause of it.

People want access to medical information, and DTC drug ads are one source of that information. Prohibiting or severely restricting such ads means that people who could be treated will continue to suffer, and may face more extensive medical problems when they finally do enter the healthcare system.

Dr. Merrill Matthews Jr. is a visiting scholar with the Institute for Policy Innovation (www.ipi.org) in Dallas, Texas. This article is based on his new study, "Who's Afraid of Pharmaceutical Advertising?", which is available from IPI (+(972) 874-5139 or info@ipi.org).

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Continued from page 2

THE EDITORS REPLY: On the traditional understanding, marriage is an intrinsic good. It is a one-flesh union integrated around acts that are procreative in type: acts, that is, in which a man and woman meet the behavioral requirements of procreation. In these acts, a man and woman achieve an organic unity; they become a single reproductive principle. Such marital acts can bring into being children who participate in the organic community thus created and bring it toward perfection. Because marital unity was traditionally understood to be an intrinsic good, fidelity was held to be obligatory even when one or both of the married parties wished otherwise.

This understanding makes some features of traditional marriage law comprehensible; for example, the fact that sexual acts that are not procreative in type could not consummate a marriage. Note well that this rule applied to heterosexuals; the understanding of marriage that included the rule was not cooked up yesterday for the purpose of excluding homosexuals. But two people of the same sex obviously cannot become one flesh.

Jonathan Rauch seemingly concedes the point, but slights its significance. To say that "same-sex marriage" cannot be marriage because it is same-sex, he writes, is "nothing more than a tautology." Well, yes. An argument about the definition of something always involves tautology.

Professor George has carefully explained and defended the traditional understanding of marriage in several venues—e.g., *The Yale Law Journal*, *The Georgetown Law Journal*, and the *American Journal of Jurisprudence*. He and other philosophical defenders of that understanding have repeatedly put to advocates of same-sex "marriage" a question: If marriage is not to be understood as a one-flesh unity, what grounds of moral principle can there be for rejecting infidelity and other offenses against marital unity? The liberal understanding reduces marriage to an arrangement that is valued, not as an intrinsic good, but merely to the extent that it provides emotional and other satisfactions to couples. (In ruling for same-sex marriage, the Hawaii supreme court went so far in the direction of denying any connection between marriage and reproduction—or even sex—that it held that two heterosexual men could get hitched in order to win legal benefits.)

The liberal understanding allows, at best, only the weakest prudential arguments against infidelity. So far, advocates of same-sex marriage have not even attempted to formulate a principled defense of monogamy. When Andrew Sullivan defends the "spirituality" of sex with strangers, as he did in *Salon* two years ago, does Rauch have the resources to argue that he is wrong? In any case, we welcome Rauch as an ally in fighting partnership benefits and other policies that would weaken marriage, even as we disagree about whether same-sex marriage falls into that category.

In his own letter, Sullivan attempts to make an argument against a federal marriage amendment based not on the virtues of same-sex marriage but on the virtues of federalism. The attempt is either naïve or disingenuous. He is, in the first place, wrong on his legal history. In the 1967 case of *Loving* v. *Virginia*, the Supreme Court—part of the federal government—struck down state prohibitions on interracial marriage as a violation of the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution. It is a case that Sullivan has himself cited while arguing that laws restricting marriage to heterosexual couples are as odious as miscegenation laws. That comparison—implicit as well in Sullivan's description of same-sex marriage as a "civil rights" imperative—makes us doubt that Sullivan would really oppose a federal settlement on marriage if his side were imposing it.

Which, by the way, it is. As explained both in our editorial and in George's article, the proposed constitutional amendment is designed precisely to thwart a campaign in state and federal courts to impose same-sex marriage nationally. If Sullivan is in principle against the imposition of a national policy, he should come out against the legal strategy being pursued by the same-sex marriage movement of which he is a major spokesman.

Instead, Sullivan ignores the clear import of that strategy. Activists chose to bring their case in Vermont, for example, because it is extremely difficult for voters to amend the state's constitution but easy for judges to do so surreptitiously. Vermont's legislature "backed" the court because under the state constitution it had no effective way to resist; Vermont's people were never given a chance to vote on the subject, and nobody doubts that they would have voted against same-sex unions if they had been.

Sullivan finds nothing objectionable in this procedure. He seems to be arguing that if a state's institutions enable traditionalist voters to overrule the courts, as in Hawaii, that's okay; and if not, as in Vermont, that's okay too. Luckily, America's federalist system gives the people as a whole the same power Hawaii voters had: the power to overrule the judicial class by amending the Constitution. A federal marriage amendment would have several advantages over the national marriage policy we are likely to suffer in its absence. It would be more likely to embody sound moral principles; it would be less radical in character; and it would reflect the consensus of the people rather than the whims of the judges.

CARING ABOUT CUBA

I'm one of countless Cuban-Americans who have long endured the willful indifference or veiled hostility of the liberal establishment toward those who oppose the Communist regime in Cuba. I'll never forget Clinton calling us "those people," exactly the way he called Monica Lewinsky "that woman." It's difficult enough to deal with the ignorant and misinformed, but it's deeply disturbing to see the intelligent and educated malign us.

My admiration, respect, and gratitude go to Jay Nordlinger for his article "Who Cares About Cuba?" (June 11). It may be the most lucid, forthright, and sensitive piece I've read on the subject from a non-Cuban source. Despite being absolutely on target, it will be either ignored or dismissed as right-wing rhetoric by all the usual suspects, who not only refuse to see and hear, but actually presume to know better than people who have lived the tragedy and bear the wounds. Still, it is good to know that we are not entirely alone.

Laura Gómez Quevedo
Orlando, Fla.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF PRETEENS

Re Ramesh Ponnuru's "Cells, Fetuses, and Logic" (July 23): My preteen daughter sums it up quite simply: "If you have to kill it to stop it from growing, then it must be alive." Thank you for a thoughtful article.

Sylvia Finlayson
Valencia, Calif.

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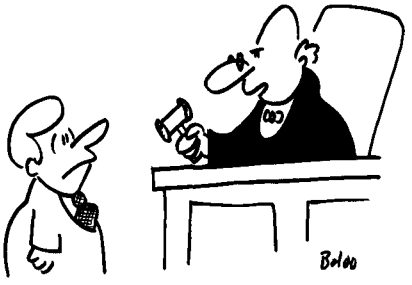
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In *Washington Post* poll, President **Bush** wins 58 percent approval rating. . . . Bush eulogizes **John Cardinal O'Connor** at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City: "The world will remember the gallant defender of children and their vulnerability, innocence, and their right to be born." Even pro-abortion senators **Hillary Rodham Clinton** and **Charles Schumer** join in long standing ovation. . . . Treasury secretary **Paul H. O'Neill** on tax code: "9,500 pages of gibberish." . . . Rep. **J. C. Watts** (R., Okla.) responds to Bush administration's NAACP critics: "I found them misleading, disappointing, and far below the standards befitting an institution as storied and influential as the NAACP." . . . Falling fuel prices dampen prospects of Bush energy plan in Congress. . . . U.S. trade representative **Robert Zoellick** in Heritage Foundation speech on trade-promotion authority: "This is not an abstract debate on trade policy. I'm at the table now—every day—negotiating with countries from around the world. They have the full authority to negotiate for their nations' interests. I need it, too. So now it is time. Not next year. Not later this year. But now."

■ Solicitor general **Ted Olson** asks Supreme Court to hear Ohio school-choice case, writing that lawmakers must know "whether such programs are a constitutionally permissible option for expanding education opportunity for children enrolled in failing public schools across America, or whether other solutions must be sought for this critical national problem." . . . Family Research Council president **Ken Connor** on stem-cell debate, in *New York Times*: "There should be a non-negotiable principle that says innocent human life is sacrosanct and on this we will not compromise." . . . Republican National Committee raises $48.6 million in first six months of 2001, compared to $23.5 million for Democratic National Committee. . . . **Robert Sherman** of Federation of American Scientists on successful missile-defense test: "To hit a ballistic missile with an interceptor under any circumstances is a very impressive technological feat."

■ In Mason-Dixon poll, 51 percent of Georgians say they would approve of Sen. **Zell Miller** (D.) switching to GOP. . . . Sen. **Lincoln Chafee** (R., R.I.) comments on what he calls the GOP's "aggressive right-wing agenda," in *Washington Post*: "It might be better [if Democrats control Senate because] we might not be passing any good legislation, but we won't be passing any bad legislation." . . . More Chafee: "I'll stick my foot in some dog-doo before the day is over. I have a propensity for that." . . . Rep. **Mike Castle** (R., Del.) says he won't run against Sen. **Joe Biden** (D.) next year because he doesn't want to "upset the good relationships" he enjoys with Biden and Sen. **Thomas Carper** (D.), according to *CongressDaily*. . . . Rep. **Vito Fossella** on Cardinal O'Connor, in *New York Post*: "He often withstood the editorial wrath of the *New York Times*. What great man has not?" . . . Pressure mounts on Rep. **David Bonior** (D., Mich.) to resign Democratic whip post as he campaigns for governor, with Rep. **Nancy Pelosi** (Calif.) leading candidate to replace him, followed by Rep. **Steny Hoyer** (Md.). . . . Contrary to what has been alleged, black turnout in Florida's presidential election did not increase 50 percent from 1996, reports *Washington Times*, but went up only slightly. . . . In *Washington Post* poll, 48 percent of blacks, 28 percent of Hispanics, 9 percent of Asian Americans, and 9 percent of whites say they face "a lot" of discrimination.



"Not guilty, eh?—
What makes you so special?"

■ **Al Gore** appears poised to reenter public eye this fall. . . . Democrats consider holding a national convention in 2002. . . . Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D., Calif.) creates PAC, making her newest potential presidential candidate. . . . Rep. **Bob Barr** (R., Ga.) becomes first House member to demand resignation of Rep. **Gary Condit** (D., Calif.) in wake of missing-intern scandal: "If Congressman Condit resists resigning, Congress should take steps" to force him out. (Barr also was first to demand Clinton quit during **Monica Lewinsky** scandal, reports *The Hotline*.) . . . Government returns stained blue dress to Lewinsky.

■ Los Angeles County assessor **Rick Auerbach** tries to impose taxes on satellites flying more than 22,000 miles above equator, on grounds they're owned by L.A.-based company. . . . Tennessee legislators scrap talks to impose state income tax after 200 protesters converge on capitol. . . . Opponents of term limits for state legislators in California pursue ballot initiative allowing officeholders to petition voters for more terms. . . . National Archives removes Declaration of Independence, Constitution, and Bill of Rights from public view for restoration scheduled to last two years. . . . **Dan Quayle** donates political papers to Dan Quayle Center and Museum in Huntington, Ind. . . . Showtime movie channel plans to air *The Day Reagan Was Shot* later this year.

■ Iraq's deputy ambassador to United Nations and its senior counselor at the U.N. mission request political asylum in New York for themselves and their families. . . . Royal Navy divers off coast of Kent explode two German mines left over from Second World War. . . . Deaths from international terrorism fell from 4,833 in the 1980s to 2,527 in the 1990s—48 percent—according to CIA.

■ Late-night comedian **Craig Kilborn**: "Al Gore says he was asked to campaign next year for fellow Democrats in congressional races. Here is the weird part—he was asked by Republicans." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ Ann Coulter, a contributor to National Review Online, had a sharp point: We won't know for sure that Gary Condit is guilty until Alan Dershowitz defends him.

■ Estimates of the federal budget surplus over the next decade are shrinking, partly because of a slowing economy and partly because of Bush's tax cut. Democrats are using the new surplus numbers to make a convoluted argument: The tax cut has left the federal government with so little money that it will have to use some Medicare funds to cover non-Medicare expenses. As they put it, Bush is going to "raid Medicare." Even by the standards of Beltway accounting, the Democrats' claim is ridiculous. Medicare doesn't have extra money to cover other programs; it is in deficit itself. The Democrats cook the books by looking at only part of Medicare. But this maneuver could backfire on them. If it really is important to keep the surplus high—a dubious proposition—then it is all the more important to keep spending restrained. When President Bush vetoes bloated spending bills this fall, he can fling the Democrats' words back at them. In fact, he can start making the case for those vetoes now.

■ In the longest article it has published in years, the *New York Times* announced on July 15 that it would detail "How Bush Took Florida." That headline was a tip-off: The paper would not allow that Bush had "won" Florida, fair and square. No, he "took" it. The story itself was a breathless account of Republicans putting ballot counters "under intense pressure" to accept "hundreds of overseas absentee ballots that failed to comply with state election laws." The *Times* examined thousands of absentee ballots for postmarks and witness signatures and also hired outside experts. After dropping dark hints about GOP efforts having "a decided impact" on the result, reporters David Barstow and Don Van Natta Jr. were at least honest enough to admit, in their sixteenth paragraph and despite their obvious desire to show otherwise, that "it is impossible to know whether the outcome of the election would have been different had the flawed ballot envelopes been treated consistently." In other words, Bush won the election—again. He won the initial vote count, the machine recount, the court-ordered hand recount, and even the media's own postelection chad-gazing recounts. Now he has survived a *Times* exposé on overseas ballots. If this were a sport, Bush would be on an impressive winning streak. But some in the press will stop at nothing to deny him legitimacy: The *Times* promises we'll soon learn about a new study "to see whether the official count was affected by faulty voting machines." Try, try again.

■ "The glory of Congress had not fled. The giants of the struggles over the Missouri Compromise, the Marshall Plan, and the Civil Rights Act still walked tall, as the titanic fight for campaign-finance reform showed. . . ." Why do we think history books of the future are unlikely to say this? Campaign-finance reform was a frivolous issue, an unconstitutional shortcut to a visionary end: lawmakers less beholden to "special interests" (i.e., constituents). The Shays-Meehan bill, so far from being a thumping great crusade, was in such delicate health that its supporters had to bolster it with a web of amendments, each designed to buy off some grouplet. Once Speaker Dennis Hastert proposed voting on the amendments one at a time, the bill's supporters knew it was done for, and killed it themselves. The best sign of the bill's frivolity: No one is crying anything but crocodile tears over its death. The GOP leadership is happy, because they stopped it. The Democrats are happy, because the GOP has the onus of stopping it. And the reformers, led by John McCain, are happy because they can spout again another day.

■ The Bush administration floated a trial balloon on illegal immigration. An American-Mexican working group, including Colin Powell and John Ashcroft, was reported to be considering some form of broad amnesty for 3 million Mexicans who are here illegally. This would be on top of the amnesty for 2.7 million illegal immigrants, many of them Mexicans, granted in 1986. When that balloon drew a barrage of flak, the White House quickly hauled it in, but they have not reckoned with their bargaining partners: Mexican foreign minister Jorge Castañeda told a group of Hispanic journalists in Phoenix that the status of illegals had to be adjusted: "It's the whole enchilada or nothing." Bush and other pro-immigration Republican leaders like Sen. Phil Gramm favor a guest-worker program, which, since it would drive down wages, would be popular with employers in the short run. But cheap foreign labor slows advances in productivity, and acts as a magnet for increased legal and illegal immigration. Mexico, desperate for economic progress, wants to shunt as many of its poor citizens north as possible. Bush, meanwhile, keeps repeating Ellis Island mantras in the hope of magically charming the Hispanic vote. "America, at its best, is a welcoming society," he beamed in New York in mid July. American politicians, at their best, do not solve other countries' problems by adding to their own.

■ In early July, President Bush declined an invitation to speak before the NAACP—sort of. He gave the excuse of a "scheduling conflict," and sent the NAACP a videotape of himself talking. As John McWhorter says elsewhere in this

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issue (page 18), next time Bush should be more direct: and tell the NAACP to get lost. It is not merely that the group no longer does any good in American life; it is that it does much harm. The NAACP is wrong on all the issues of greatest importance to black Americans: school choice, welfare, taxation, regulation, the family. Worse yet, it has become something close to a hate group, as seen in its vicious 2000 campaign ad, all but accusing Bush of a lynching in Texas. So we say to the president: Fear not ditching the once-venerable NAACP. If you explain why you are doing it, people—black and white—will understand. And such clarity will give courage to those who have sensed, correctly, that something rotten long ago set in at the NAACP.

■ In our last issue, Robert P. George and we argued in favor of an amendment to the Constitution that would reserve marriage for heterosexual couples and deny the judiciary the authority to redefine it. Since then, a group called the Alliance for Marriage has launched a campaign to promote the marriage amendment. The proposal has predictably drawn criticism, some civil examples of which can be found on our Letters page. Less predictably, a social-conservative group, the Family Research Council, is among the critics. Its objection is that the amendment would not prohibit states from granting civil unions to same-sex couples. It construes this silence, weirdly, as an endorsement of civil unions. In truth, the amendment would block judges from forcing states to create arrangements similar to marriage for homosexuals—and it is mostly judicial power that is behind such arrangements. The amendment would not, of course, settle all issues related to marriage in all states for all time; social-conservative activists would continue to have work to do. But a more ambitious amendment would be much harder to pass. The Family Research Council should reconsider its position.

■ A new amendment every issue? On page 22, John J. Miller offers the intriguing suggestion that foreign-born Americans be eligible for the presidency. Foreigners could run for president if they were citizens in 1788 (see Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution). But since the death of Albert Gallatin, NR has seen no reason to consider anyone born abroad as a potential chief executive.

■ Senate Democrats appear to have decided that when it comes to judges, the only good Bush nominee is a Clinton nominee. The first confirmation hearing they granted was for Roger Gregory, a Clinton nominee whom Bush resubmitted. Bush renominated Gregory because Republicans in the judge's home state of Virginia—Gov. Jim Gilmore and Sens. John Warner and George Allen—endorsed him. They endorsed him because they were unwilling to stand up to the demagogues who were saying that it would be racist to oppose Gregory, a black man. The Republican concession on Gregory, of course, has not been matched by any reciprocal concession from the Democrats: They are blocking Bush's other nominees. We understand that Republicans must often concede points of principle—but we do wish they would at least consider getting something useful in return.

■ A question: Which senator has the longer life expectancy, Strom Thurmond or Robert Torricelli? Certainly New Jersey Democrat Torricelli, born in 1951, has the statistical edge over South Carolina Republican Thurmond, born in 1902. But as both parties ponder the future of the Senate, they might want to ask another question: Who has the longer *political* life expectancy? In that area, Thurmond seems positively robust compared to his younger colleague, who could face indictment in a widening campaign-finance investigation. If Torricelli were forced to resign, the Senate would be in for another wrenching transition, this time from Democrat to Republican. It's something the Torch's fellow Democrats seem to understand. After briefly shunning him, the Associated Press reports, they are now showering his legal-defense fund with cash. The two most generous Senate benefactors are DASHPAC, the political action committee of majority leader Tom Daschle, and HILLPAC, the committee of New York freshman Hillary Rodham Clinton. Both chipped in $10,000 (House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt was good for another ten grand). It seems Democrats are determined to defend their Senate majority, even if they have to do it in court.

■ Mario Cuomo, moonlighting as an attorney for celebrities, sought to defend Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and union chief Dennis Rivera, who were found guilty of trespassing. Federal judge Hector Lafitte did not care that they were trespassing in order to protest the bombing exercises in Vieques. He gave both men 30 days in jail. Even more impressive, he refused to let Cuomo indulge in political grandstanding in his courtroom: "I'm not going to allow political views, philosophical views, none of that." Hats off to Judge Lafitte. By throwing Cuomo off his soapbox, he made a split-second decision that took slower-witted New Yorkers twelve years to make.

■ A leaked Salvation Army memo recounted a deal the organization tried to make with the White House. The Christian charity was going to hire a lobbyist to help promote the president's faith-based initiative, which would expand federal grants to religious providers of social services. In return, the administration would ensure that such groups would be exempted from state and local laws that would force them to violate their religious convictions—laws, for example, that would compel the Salvation Army to offer employment benefits for "domestic partners." As soon as the leak occurred, the administration ran away from the idea of offering such protections. It denied that any deal had been in the works, and said that existing law was quite sufficient to protect religious groups. What it notably refrained from doing was mounting any defense of these groups' right to operate in accordance with their beliefs. The episode suggests two things about the faith-based initiative, neither a hopeful portent. One is that those conservatives who support the initiative as a way to "remoralize" the culture are mistak-

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the Cold War?

George Orwell wrote, "He who controls the past controls the future." Some of the most distinguished American historians are working hard to "control" the past by proving, to state it simply, that the United States did not win the cold war. Why? So that when our children and their children read their history textbooks they will never know that the democracies, led by the United States and a popular two-term president, Ronald Reagan, triumphed over Soviet totalitarianism.

Liberal academic opinion has created the fiction that nobody won the cold war. But there is no more Soviet Union, no Berlin Wall, no Gulag. Never mind. The United States did not "win" the cold war, period.

Weird. Everybody agrees that the Allies beat Germany in two world wars and that the United States lost in Vietnam. But when it comes to the question of who triumphed in the cold war, a great smog immediately blankets the question. George Kennan, for example, writes: "Nobody 'won' the cold war." Thirty years ago, however, he wrote, "The retraction of Soviet power from its present bloated and unhealthy limits is essential to the stability of world relationships."

Here it is thirty years later. There is no Soviet power; its "bloated and unhealthy limits" have been retracted without bloodshed. There isn't even a Soviet Union. So didn't the democracies win the cold war? The problem with Kennan and his revisionist followers is that they never tell you how they define victory.

Professor Ronald Steel has written this grudging verdict on the end of Soviet totalitarianism: "We have won a victory, of sorts." Of sorts! Would Professor Steel describe our triumph over fascism as "a victory, of sorts"?

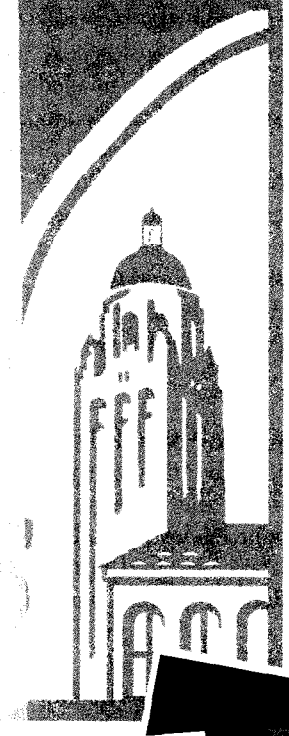
Professor Steel seems to regret the end of the cold war; he writes, "In its perverted way, the cold war was a force for stability." Yes indeed—Afghanistan, Cuban missile crisis, uprisings in East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia—some force for stability. On the other hand, the cold war was, he says, "dangerous, wasteful, obsessive, and at times irrational." So take your pick.

Ask Russians who won the cold war and their replies are unequivocal. Vladimir Lukin, onetime Boris Yeltsin foreign policy adviser; Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, former Russian foreign minister; Sergio Khrushchev, son of Nikita S. Khrushchev who recently became a U.S. citizen, all agree that the United States won the cold war.

Operation Rewrite about the cold war, in full swing for a decade, has produced books like *Losing Our Souls: The American Experience in the Cold War,* by Professor Edward Pessen, or an article in the *Chronicle of Higher Education,* by a Whitman College academic, titled "The United States Was the Loser in the Cold War" containing this hallucinatory sentence: "Considering what might have been, the United States was the loser in the cold war, not the winner."

All these exhibits reminded me of Jonathan Swift's observation in *Gulliver's Travels:* "there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth." Ditto some historians.

— Arnold Beichman



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en: The administration will shy away from cultural battles as soon as they are declared. (This is not surprising, since one purpose of the initiative has always been to promote social conservatism while avoiding controversy.) The second, even less hopeful, is that the prospect of federal grants will draw even the best religious charities into a world of high-priced lobbying and Washington deal-making.

■ Responding to a request from the NRA for a clarification of his position, attorney general John Ashcroft wrote that he "unequivocally" believes that the Second Amendment guarantees an individual right to own guns. Liberals believe that Ashcroft's position is dangerously radical, and that all the Second Amendment really guarantees is the right of states to maintain armed militias. But the individual-rights interpretation is sounder. Daniel Polsby, a law professor at George Mason University, outlined the case for it in *Reason* in March 1996: The amendment refers to a "right of the people," and every other such reference in the Bill of Rights is universally understood to protect an individual right; the Founders held views about the connection between a well-armed citizenry and the preservation of freedom that would make them, by today's standards, "gun nuts"; and the militia theory originated in the 20th century. Polsby, like Ashcroft, allows that the amendment is consistent with some regulation, e.g., banning guns from bars. The attorney general is on solid ground.

■ Sure, in the latest missile-defense test an interceptor happened to obliterate a dummy warhead 140 miles above the earth at a closing speed several times that of a tank round, but it didn't perform backflips while whistling Dixie and chewing gum at the same time. Such is the attitude of critics of the test. They argue that it was rigged because the interceptor was, prior to launch, given information to help it distinguish between the warhead and a decoy. But in a real-world situation, plenty of information would be at hand about a potential target, in the same way antiaircraft gunners, say, are given profiles of enemy planes. And remember: Critics first said that it was impossible to "hit a bullet with a bullet"; then they said it would be impossible for an interceptor to distinguish between a warhead and a decoy. Both assertions are now demonstrably false. The biggest obstacle to an initial missile-defense deployment isn't the state of the technology, but the state of the ABM Treaty.

■ One of the advantages of missile defense is that it will protect America's ability to project power around the globe—provided that there is any left to project. The Bush administration appears ready to abandon the "two war" doctrine that says the U.S. should have a force strong enough to fight and win two conflicts like the Persian Gulf War simultaneously. There is a case for leaving behind the doctrine, since it locks the military into traditional, lumbering weapons that were appropriate for winning a war ten years ago in the desert but may not be ideally suited for the changing strategic environment. Scotching the doctrine and the aging systems that go with it—shot through with readiness problems—would make it possible to pursue a new generation of weapons technology. Or so goes the theory. The problem is that the Bush administration is getting caught in the worst of both worlds—ditching the two-war doctrine without enough funding to develop new weapons *or* fully address the readiness problems in today's force. In military slang, we believe, the precise term for such an operation is FUBAR.

■ When a female military officer complained that her feelings were hurt because she was made to feel like a slowpoke during 30-minute jogs, the weekly fitness run was canceled and Pentagon brass launched an investigation of the "command climate" at the Miami headquarters of the U.S. Southern Command. No doubt it was an unpleasant surprise for this female officer to find herself consistently at the back of the pack: The military widely uses gender-normed tests to mask the performance differences between men and women. The Pentagon would be better advised to go back to fostering a warrior culture—at least until it can find a way to gender-norm war.

■ Gay students at Swarthmore College have demanded that the school fulfill their special housing needs by allowing them to live with members of the opposite sex—and the school's administration has agreed. A gay student leader (a student gay leader?) cited the potential for "attraction and homophobia" in stating that homosexuals might be uncomfortable with same-sex roommates. (Now, how many straight guys will lie about their "preference," just to shack up with the girls?) Turn, for a second, to the debate over gays in the military. When it comes to that sphere—barracks, submarines, and all—gay advocates, huffily, offendedly, maintain that "attraction" is no issue. Once the gay activists have figured out their position, they should get back to us.

■ A federal panel is reportedly planning to recommend that President Bush back regulations that would force cars to become more fuel-efficient. The market already provides an incentive for fuel efficiency: Consumers who buy cars that

Scary Schundler

From Jersey City's mayor, where
Republicans are rare as hair
On billiard balls, to Jersey's guv,
Strikes Democrats as unheard of;
But Schundler's coming from behind,
And though one hates to sound unkind,
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—W. H. von Dreele

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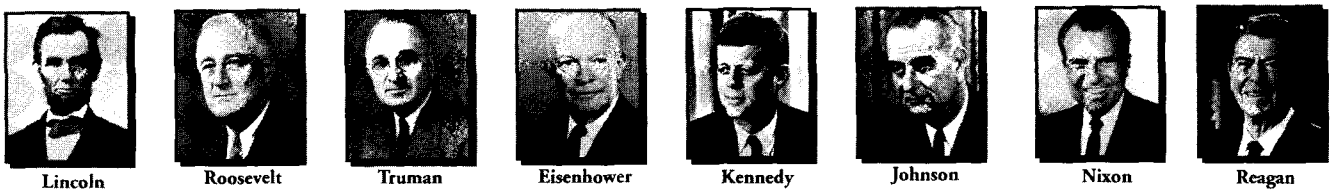

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get better mileage can save money on gas. The market, however, also lets consumers make trade-offs. They can decide that they would rather have a large car that gets lower mileage but offers greater security. Or that the savings down the road from lower gas bills are not worth the up-front expense of a more expensive car. Federal regulations would override individuals' decisions to no good purpose. President Bush should look into a simpler policy toward energy consumers: Let them use as much as they are willing to buy.

■ We are all too accustomed to the United Nations being part of the problem rather than the solution. Take the latest outrage in southern Lebanon, where U.N. peacekeeping forces are deployed. Last October Hezbollah terrorists disguised themselves and their vehicles to look like U.N. personnel, and then kidnapped three Israeli soldiers. Eighteen hours after this incident, genuine U.N. personnel were videotaping the scene of the crime, when Hezbollah men arrived, to be duly filmed forcibly removing the evidence. Scope for redress here, you might think—at the very least for the identification and arrest of the terrorists involved. But instead the U.N. for months denied the existence of the tape. Now Israel has forced the U.N. to admit that the kidnappers indeed impersonated its personnel and that it has an incriminating tape. Hezbollah has jumped in to declare that if Israel receives this tape it will treat U.N. personnel as spies and Israeli collaborators. For fear of reprisal, the U.N. insists on editing out the faces of the terrorists if it is to hand the tape over. Successful so far, this blackmail has already compromised the U.N. In the event that the three missing Israelis are never seen again, the U.N. will be an outright accomplice to terrorism, an outcome not prepared for in its founding charter.

■ The president of Poland, Aleksander Kwasniewski, has apologized for a Polish pogrom. One day in July 1941, the Poles in the remote village of Jedwabne herded all their Jewish friends and neighbors—about 1,600 people—into a barn and burned most of them alive, beating others to death. Although the massacre was hardly a secret, Poles tended to concentrate on those among them who during the war had saved Jews at the risk of their own lives, or to lay responsibility for everything on the Germans. A Polish-American historian, Jan T. Gross, recently published a book about Jedwabne that has forced all concerned to face the facts. Kwasniewski traveled to the village to unveil a memorial, to declare in a speech that the local instigators of this crime bear responsibility for it, and to announce an official investigation. None of this makes him popular with his countrymen, but it does mark him down as a man of courage and humanity.

■ The American Left continually wants its terrorists paroled, and one by one, it seems, they are: In the hours before he left office, President Clinton commuted the sentence of Susan Rosenberg, a terrorist-bomber of the Weather Underground. Now the same forces that pushed for that commutation are demanding parole for Kathy Boudin, another terrorist-bomber, one who, like Rosenberg, played a role in the murder of three men in the notorious Brinks robbery of 1981. One of those men was a Nyack, N.Y., police officer named Waverly Brown. The first black man on the force, he was a true pioneer. One of the bitterest facts about the Weather terrorists is that they claimed to be struggling for blacks. In a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, Elizabeth Kolbert did a very long piece on Boudin, amounting to a brief for her release, stressing her standing as a "model prisoner" (they said the same about Rosenberg), and slighting the agony and beliefs of the victims' survivors. In the guise of a sensitive and understanding piece, it was an insensitive and misunderstanding one—insensitive to the victims; misunderstanding of the magnitude, and duration, and utter knowingness of Boudin and her comrades' crimes. Boudin herself now says, coyly and soundbite-ishly, "I was responsible for not being responsible." Says one of the murdered men's widows, "We have tremendous support, but [Boudin] has strong backing. We could lose, and she'll get out, and I'll just to have accept that." So will we—but not before crying first that she should not get out.

■ The Communist Party, U.S.A., held its national convention in Milwaukee, and the city's mayor, John O. Norquist, sent a letter of welcome to the delegates. Wrote Norquist: "The working people of Milwaukee . . . are widely known for our socialist traditions . . . We share many things in common with the long history of the Communist Party and all those engaged in the fight for a decent life for working families." Norquist, to his credit, later backed off this Karl Marx-meets-Al Gore rhetoric, claiming that an aide penned the letter and that he himself was on vacation and never read it. Still, it's sufficiently disturbing that he agreed to send the letter in the first place. Further disturbing is that the CP-USA held its conference on the campus of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, and that its carryings-on received warm, isn't-this-cute coverage in the local papers. As in the recent cases of "Communist chic," in which statues of Lenin have turned up outside a Vegas restaurant and in a Seattle neighborhood, the events in Milwaukee suggest that too many people still think of Communism as idealistic at best, misguided at worst—instead of the murderous totalitarianism that it was and, alas, continues to be.

■ DEPT. OF TERMINOLOGY: Madeleine Albright politely bowed to Third World dictators late in the Clinton administration when she decreed that their nations would no longer be called "rogue states," but instead "countries of concern"—a formulation that seemed to have been taken straight out of a sensitivity-training manual. Finding a suitable phrase has bedeviled policymakers ever since. President Bush has tried "irresponsible states," but that seems more appropriate as a way of describing his own life pre-40. Now, finally, in an interview with *USA Today*, Colin Powell has hit on the perfect term: "loser countries," which officially makes Saddam and Kim Jong Il . . . well, you know: losers.

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■ Katharine Graham, who died at 84, was bred to be an archetypal rich girl—daughter of Eugene Meyer, investment banker and owner of the *Washington Post*, wife of the dashing Philip Graham, to whom Meyer left his newspaper. Then, when she was 46, her manic-depressive husband committed suicide, and she chose to become publisher of the *Post* herself. She fulfilled Robert Conquest's maxim that everyone is conservative in his own area of expertise, running the *Post* and her other media properties at a profit, and breaking two unions that resisted modernization. The content of the paper exemplified James Burnham's managerial revolution, as she gave her liberal news professionals, led by the roguish bully Ben Bradlee, their head. Through it all, she kept her standing in the world of *luxe*—Truman Capote's black-and-white ball was given in her honor. Printer's ink still runs in the veins of two of her children, Donald Graham, her successor at the *Post*, and Lally Weymouth, the crack foreign-policy journalist. R.I.P.

■ At last, an academic study that sounds right to us. Kelly Bulkeley, a dream researcher and a lecturer at Santa Clara University, reports that Republicans are three times as likely as Democrats to have nightmares. Bulkeley found GOP nightmares to have high levels of aggression, misfortune, and physical threat, and speculates "that people on the right are very attuned to the dangers in the world." The dangers and the disappointments. Virgil, the great pagan poet, called them the *lacrimae rerum*. Gerald Manley Hopkins, the Christian poet, called them "the blight man was born for." By contrast, liberalism in all its incarnations, from the Enlightenment to the DNC, tends to believe that people, apart from obvious black-hat reactionaries, are nice, and that the world, apart from the reactionaries' machinations, is a nice place. Dream on.

■ The big news down under is Christine Rankin, head of New Zealand's welfare agency, who was told by prudish male higher-ups that her long earrings and short skirts were "an absolute distraction" and that she dressed "like a cocktail waitress." Working women were urged to strut their inner vamp in solidarity. Oh, the provincialism of small countries: Loud jewels and lots of leg are signs of cultural conservatism, as any fan of country music knows. Only when he-kiwis start coming to the office in earrings and miniskirts will New Zealand have become cutting edge.

PUBLIC POLICY

Cell Division

PRESIDENT BUSH opposes federal funding for research on stem cells taken from human embryos because the research would destroy the embryos. He is under intense pressure to reverse his position. The media are almost as gung-ho for this cause as for campaign-finance reform. And some politicians who usually vote with pro-lifers—notably Sens. Orrin Hatch, Strom Thurmond, Gordon Smith, and John McCain, and former senator Connie Mack—have also urged Bush to fund the research.

Advocates brandish polls suggesting that most Americans, even most pro-lifers, support this funding. These polls are meaningless. Since most people have not spent much time thinking about the issue, poll results vary greatly depending on the wording of the questions. (Opponents of the research have found that most people are with them when the questions mention that the research destroys human embryos.) For the same reason, most people are unlikely to vote based on the issue.

We do not know which decision would be better for Bush politically. What we can evaluate are the moral arguments that supporters of the research have used to get pro-lifers to surrender their objections. These arguments plainly fail.

Some such supporters have advanced the curious notion that a human embryo that has not been implanted in a womb cannot be a human person; so it is acceptable to destroy that embryo. To consider implantation a criterion for personhood is to make a fetish of location. If we had the technology to develop an embryo all the way to infancy, toddlerdom, and beyond, without ever being implanted, would anyone deny that these older human beings had a right to life?

Some libertarians, meanwhile, have become attached to the idea that opposition to embryonic stem-cell research is ridiculous because early embryos are human only in the same sense that every human cell is human. An embryo contains the genetic code for a human being, goes the argument, but so do the skin cells we lose in the shower. They, too, are "potential human beings" because emerging cloning technology will make it possible to develop them into human beings.

Pro-lifers, though, do not believe that human embryos have the potential to develop into human beings; we believe they *are* human beings. They are whole human bodies. They are not functionally part of other human beings. Skin cells are. If a clone were created using the genetic material from a skin cell (joined with an ovum from which genetic material has been extracted), it would be the act of cloning that created a new human being, just as conception normally does. The clone would be equivalent to the embryo, but the skin cell before cloning is equivalent to neither.

Finally, supporters of the research argue that many of the embryos that would be destroyed in it are slated for destruction or deep freeze anyway. They will, in the charming phrase of advocates, "remain unused." That we destroy small human beings—discarding "excess embryos" from in vitro fertilization, or for that matter aborting "unwanted children"—is a scandal that should be ended and, we hope, one day will be. Freezing embryos is less problematic, as it leaves open the possibility of allowing these human beings to reach their full potential at some point in the future. In the interim, embryos slated for destruction should no more be used for research than Death Row inmates.

Embryonic stem-cell research may not lead to the medical miracles now being discussed. Similar speculation a decade ago, when pro-lifers were being asked to abandon opposition

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to fetal-tissue research, proved tragically wrong. But even if embryonic stem-cell research were to lead to everything claimed for it—were to cure cancer and heart disease to boot—we would oppose it. Bush should support research that does not destroy embryos, such as research using stem cells taken from adults. But he should refuse federal funding for embryo-destroying research, and indeed push for an overall ban on it.

CHINA

A Dangerous Decision

THE awarding of the Olympic Games to Beijing is no light thing. People could die from it—or be tortured or banished to a dungeon or camp. Although it is is difficult to say with certainty how an event seven years from now will affect the development of China, dissidents fear that the Communist government now has a freer hand to persecute its people: The Olympics are coming, and therefore no dissent—no disturbance—can be tolerated. Beijing must show the world a unified, happy country; and nothing can be allowed to blot that image.

Visitors to the Olympic City, of course, will not likely see any "cleaning up," any cracking of heads; this will be done out of view. The regime will have sanitized, Potemkinized, the capital, just as it has done for previous international events. This dictatorship, like others in history, is expert at putting on a show, at giving the wrong impression.

Much has been made of the 1936 Olympics, held in Nazi Germany, and much should. Wei Jingsheng, for one, is convinced that the parallels between 1936 and 2008 are clear. Americans in general have long had a distorted view of the Hitler Games: They (we) are steeped in the myth of Jesse Owens, which goes that the great trackster embarrassed Hitler, disproving the theory of the master race, causing the Games to backfire on their hosts. This is very far from the truth. All students of the period say that having the Olympics helped Hitler enormously.

In 1935, the American consul in Berlin wrote to the secretary of state back in Washington, "To the Party and to the youth of Germany, the holding of the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936 has become the symbol of the conquest of the world by National Socialist doctrine. Should the Games not be held in Berlin, it would be one of the most serious blows which National Socialist prestige could suffer." Years later, the journalist William Shirer wrote, "Hitler, we who covered the Games had to concede, turned the Olympics into a dazzling propaganda success for his barbarian regime." The historian Duff Hart-Davis, in his book *Hitler's Games*, relates that the Nazis were able to project an image of "a perfectly normal place, in which life went on as pleasantly as in any other European country."

Here is a danger of bestowing the Olympics on Beijing: It furthers the perception that the PRC—with its sprawling gulag system and often murderous repression—is a normal country, if with some peculiar characteristics, surely necessary or at least understandable in a nation so vast and populous. In some of the very stadiums in which games will be held, mass sentencings and executions, Communist-style, have taken place. The Falun Gong have been beaten and murdered.

While some anti-Communists hope the Olympics will serve the cause of openness, it should nonetheless be a principle that, given all the cities in the world, the Olympic Games should not be held in a police state: not in Nazi Germany (the Games had been awarded to Germany before the Nazi takeover), not in the Soviet Union, not in Red China. The granting of the Games to Beijing will probably strengthen the regime's hand, emboldening it in its persecution, teaching it that the world will reward it anyway. All things considered, we would have taken Paris.

SCANDAL

Son of Clinton

REASONABLE people can certainly suspect Rep. Gary Condit of doing away with his lover Chandra Levy. Every passing day makes it more likely that she came to harm; Condit had a possible motive—the fear of exposure—while both his conduct of his affairs and his stonewalling of the police show him to be controlling, secretive, and dishonest. But even if he did her no harm—an equally plausible scenario—Congress should be rid of him. His colleagues should call for him to resign, and if his behavior becomes yet more egregious, they should initiate the process of expelling him.

By denying his affair the first two times the D.C. police spoke to him, Condit impeded their investigation, and guaranteed that important terrain in Levy's life would be unexplored until her trail had grown cold. Condit may also have suborned perjury by urging another girlfriend, stewardess Anne Marie Smith, to swear falsely that they were not lovers. Condit's spinners and some addled press watchdogs have criticized the media and the Levy family for hounding Condit. To be sure, they had divergent motives: The media were after viewers and readers, while the Levys were concerned for their daughter. But the pressure of both was required to make the shifty congressman speak. Not that he has been notably forthcoming. Condit's self-administrated lie-detector test was a particularly shabby evasion. Condit should be speaking to a grand jury.

Condit has also made himself a security risk—not a desirable thing in a member of the House Intelligence Committee. The guidelines for access to classified information note that "sexual behavior is a security concern if . . . it may subject the individual to undue influence or coercion, exploitation or duress, or reflects lack of judgment or discretion." Security clearances are always given as a matter of course to the relevant congressmen. But with privilege comes responsibility: They must not make themselves sitting ducks.

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Is adultery—in Condit's case, apparently, compulsive adultery—additional grounds for Condit to leave public life, as Sen. Trent Lott suggested? One must tread carefully between laissez faire and counsels of perfection. It is not true that all politicians do or have broken their marriage vows, but it is also not true that only bad politicians behave badly to their wives and families. Alexander Hamilton jumped headlong into a honey trap set by a husband-and-wife team of blackmailers, and Gouverneur Morris, the draftsman of the Constitution, was a bachelor rake who specialized in unhappily married women. (When Morris lost a leg in an accident, his friend John Jay wrote that he might better have lost "something else.") George Washington, no party guy, valued both men.

History affords other examples. But as society becomes more egalitarian, it becomes more important that its leaders uphold the ethic of sexual republicanism—one to a customer. When they fail to do so, we get the worst alternative—a covert patriarchy, with powerful men behaving like sultans while pretending to be ordinary liberated guys: men like Gary Condit and Bill Clinton. Such a world, defended as consensual, frequently shades into harassment and rape, as Paula Jones, Kathleen Willey, and Juanita Broaddrick can attest. Let us hope that Chandra Levy will not show us that it shades into something worse.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Bill: The longstanding mystery of how to parse *He is risen* has been resolved. The problem has been that it is Greek to you (and me), in which language an aorist tense can communicate a "completed past event that is not to be repeated." As we know, a passive verb may be intransitive in force, as in "he arose," or carry the purely passive tense, as in "he was raised." All such representations are theologically correct, but tradition is with the Greek.

Res ipsa loquitur,
James C. Neely, M.D.
Napa, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: The dialogue between you and Dr. Gilleran (May 28) about the cost of half a torpedo stopped too soon. It all started the day David Wilson showed up in Dawson's Landing, and remarked of an annoying dog, "I wish I owned half of that dog." "Why?" somebody asked. "Because I would kill my half."

Mark Twain tells us the townsfolk were in perfect agreement about this concept of half a dog: ". . . the man ain't in his right mind." "In my opinion he hain't got any mind." No. 3 said: "Well, he's a lummox, anyway." No. 6 said: "If he ain't a pudd'nhead, I ain't no judge, that's all." This sobriquet held for 20 years—but Pudd'nhead Wilson himself ought to be more kindly remembered.

Fondly,
Marquis R. Seidel
Camp Hill, Pa.

Dear Mr. Seidel: You make the case for Pudd'n'head.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Idea: NR readers strike me as readers until death . . . or almost. So why not offer subscriptions for life or for "half of the rest of your life"?

In IRS single life-expectancy tables (used to figure minimum annual distribution IRAs), age 55ers have 28.6 years' life expectancy.

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At 82 I still enjoy dreaming up promotions and jingles. (And Florence King's stuff gives me a thrill.)

Keep punching,
Harold V. Gleason
Bluffton, S.C.

Dear Mr. Gleason: You leave me panting for breath with your observations, recommendations, efflorescences, and poetry. I am consulting my actuaries to find out how much a lifelong subscription would go for in your case. For millions, I hope.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: From your column on Sen. Jeffords (June 25): ". . . served as a Republican congressman, and then senator . . ." When I went to school, Congress consisted of representatives and senators. What's changed? Many on TV and in print agree with your usage. Would you clarify for me?

Parker L. Barnes
Plymouth, Mass.

Dear Mr. Barnes: The dictionary defines "congressman" as "a member of Congress, *especially of the House of Representatives.*" Stickler-wise, that's one to stay away from.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ THE WHITE HOUSE ■

Bush by the (Poll) Numbers

How does he stand, and what's he doing?

BYRON YORK

It's an article of faith inside the White House these days that George W. Bush will receive a big boost in political capital in the next few weeks, when millions of tax rebate checks begin arriving in mailboxes across the country. "When people start realizing they have an extra $300 or $600 as a down payment on real tax relief, that's when he starts getting the credit," says one White House aide. Another predicts: "People will open the mail and say, 'Holy cow, he really *did* do something.'"

Never mind that the rebates weren't the president's idea; that, in fact, the White House initially pooh-poohed them as a Democratic gimmick. Bush's staffers are putting so much faith in the check-in-the-mail scenario because so far the president has received little political benefit from fulfilling his number-one campaign promise—coming through with a tax cut that was bigger than even some supporters thought possible, more quickly than many thought possible. If the rebate checks do the trick, great.

But for now at least, Bush's job-approval ratings are wandering listlessly around 50 percent (although one poll showed a slight improvement at the time of writing). The numbers have led some Republicans to worry; the president hasn't moved much beyond the 48 percent he won last November. "There's good reason to worry," says pollster John Zogby, who keeps a regular eye on Bush's fortunes. "We're in the twilight zone between the honeymoon and the election of 2002, and he's not in the position he should be."

Indeed, a look at the unpublished demographic breakdown of a recent Zogby poll shows Bush having trouble earning a strong majority of support from several important electoral groups. With independent voters, he's at 48 percent approval. With Catholics, he's at 51 percent. And—woefully for this president—with married voters, he's at about 55 percent. "The 55 signifies to me just how little he's grown," says Zogby. "This is a group he did well with during the election and one he's supposed to be representing. This is the kind of group that will help him build a majority, and he's nowhere with them." On top of that, Bush's job *dis*approval rating is in the mid 30s, about ten points higher than when he began his presidency.

George W. Bush by Roman Genn

There's not much argument about what's responsible for the drop: energy, environment, and economy. Even some Bush aides concede that the president's energy campaign, while based on some good ideas, was a flop with the public. First the White House, playing off power woes in California, pushed the idea that the country was in crisis—"the most serious energy shortage since the oil embargoes of the 1970s," according to the vice president's energy report. Then, before any of the Bush policies could be enacted, things started to get better. The price of gasoline went down, along with the price of natural gas and the price of electricity in California. Not much of a crisis—but a real waste of political credibility.

Combine that with the Democrats' high-profile effectiveness in using the environmental issue, from arsenic to offshore drilling, against the White House; opponents have often left Bush looking defensive. And finally, there's the public's up-and-down concern about the economy. Zogby found that just 33 percent of respondents who are pessimistic about their personal finances gave Bush a high job-approval rating. (So far, however, many more people remain optimistic about their personal finances; Bush is at 55 with them.)

No one would argue that the numbers are good news for Bush. But the president's less poll-obsessed allies respond this way: The next presidential election is more than three years away, and nobody knows what will happen between now and then. So why worry about polls?

Answer: Because polls do more than just predict (sometimes badly) the results of elections. The president's job-approval ratings have a here-and-now effect on his ability to push his agenda through Congress and in the national media. To Democrats on Capitol Hill, Bush's anemic polls mean one thing: opportunity. "The numbers?" says one Democratic strategist. "They tell Tom Daschle to push full steam ahead on the Patients' Bill of Rights and make Bush veto it. They tell Dick Gephardt to push full steam ahead on a discharge petition and a vote on campaign-finance reform and make the president veto it. They tell Democrats to push full steam ahead on the environment."

They've certainly gotten the message. But Bush's ratings affect more than just Democrats. "It's hard to imagine [the Democrats] being more aggressive—they've been so aggressive from the outset," says Ed Gillespie, a Republican consultant with close White House ties. "But [the poll numbers] do have an effect on some of our shakier Republicans in hanging in against the Democrats." And the numbers mean that George W. Bush has a little less power to stiffen Republican spines.

In addition, Bush's poll standing is

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forcing him to pay more attention to salesmanship. "I think it requires a greater emphasis on message and a much more hands-on approach," says Gillespie, citing Bush's July 11 morale-building trip to Capitol Hill as Exhibit A of a new White House determination to sell its product. "This administration is not poll-driven, but that's not to say they're not conscious of polls. . . . When you're promoting your policies, you have to be conscious of where the polls are."

Another example of White House image-awareness came the day after Bush's pep talk in the House, when he staged a Rose Garden rollout of his Medicare proposals. He made his speech in front of a big mockup of the new prescription-drug discount card the administration will make available to millions of seniors. Daschle was quick to call it a gimmick, which probably meant that he feared it might have some public appeal. And the very fact that Bush showcased the card at the same event at which he was presenting serious ideas for Medicare reform indicates the premium the White House is now putting on salesmanship. (Nevertheless, bad timing continued to dog the president: The Medicare ceremony was overshadowed by the climactic House battle over campaign-finance reform happening the same day—not as bad as the signing of the tax-cut bill being swamped by news of Sen. Jim Jeffords's switch to the Democratic party, but bad enough.)

So the White House political team is keeping a close watch on the numbers. And should they ever become too worried, they can get the relax-and-take-a-deep-breath perspective from Matthew Dowd, Bush's pollster during the campaign and now director of polling at the Republican National Committee. "The president's numbers are actually within the range of where they are supposed to be, once you acknowledge that the electorate has been polarized for the last ten or twelve years," Dowd says. "We're not in an era where a president can get 70 percent job-approval ratings, absent a major crisis." (Or a sex scandal, although that probably wouldn't work for Bush.)

Dowd explains that about 40 percent of the electorate is Democratic and gives Bush a high job-disapproval rating. Another 40 percent is Republican and gives him a high approval rating. That leaves 20 percent in the middle, and so far Bush is getting a positive rating from more than half of them. "Fifty-two or 53 percent is basically his equilibrium point," Dowd says. "If we had these numbers in October 2004, I'd be ecstatic."

Dowd pours out plenty of factlets to support his point. Bill Clinton had a 54 percent job-approval rating when he beat Bob Dole by nearly nine points. Clinton didn't get a 60 percent job-approval rating until several years into his presidency (Bush got one in February, March, and April, according to the Gallup Poll). And no president with a job-approval rating above 47 percent has lost a race for reelection.

These are good things to remember, although it's not terribly hard to imagine Bush occasionally slipping below 47 percent, even with the new emphasis on selling his programs. In the meantime, the only thing the president can be absolutely certain of is that Daschle and the Democrats will work relentlessly to push his polls as low as possible—even after those rebate checks arrive in the mail. **NR**

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■ **POLITICS** ■

Regrets Only . . .

. . . or, Why Bush should turn down the NAACP—flat

JOHN McWHORTER

In his address to the recent meeting of the NAACP, Julian Bond crowed that the group was the "biggest, baddest civil-rights organization in the country." President Bush's natural assumption has been that repairing the breach between himself and black Americans would require reaching out to this big bad group.

But the NAACP's behavior in recent times has disqualified it from any claim to represent progressive black thought in this country. This year, chary of appearing before the organization responsible for an attack ad that linked him to a lynching death, Bush resorted to the fig leaf of a "scheduling conflict." He need not be so indirect next year. If Bush is seriously committed to the Advancement of Colored People, his first step will be to dissociate himself from this irrelevant shell of an organization.

In their addresses, both Bond and NAACP chief Kweisi Mfume made the grand old point that today's black conservatives owe their lives to the desegregationist efforts of groups like the NAACP in the days of yore. The problem is, the NAACP that helped eliminate lynching and spurred *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 no longer exists. Since the 1970s, the organization has fallen prey to the two central fallacies of the Black Power take on civil rights: that black people should be exempt from competition or

Mr. McWhorter is associate professor of linguistics at the University of California, Berkeley, and author of *Losing the Race: Self-Sabotage in Black America.*

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censure until societal inequity ceases to exist, and that a group cannot be expected to achieve anything significant in the presence of even residual racism. W. E. B. DuBois, Walter White, and Roy Wilkins are only three who would have been baffled by these assumptions.

Nevertheless, this year's speeches were dedicated to the usual incantations implying that blacks have made no meaningful progress since 1964. In contrast to the dogged research typical of the NAACP in its halcyon days, Bond and Mfume trotted out factoids that simply fall apart under scrutiny. Bond decried the "racially motivated voter purges" in Florida—a fiction. Both leaders parroted the idea that American health care is shot through with racism—another fiction.

The two even despise efforts directed at black uplift. They dismiss the Faith-Based and Community Initiatives as encouraging "discrimination" in the distribution of funds, when the program is aimed at the very black poverty both claim as evidence that racism reigns

■

The problem is, the NAACP that helped eliminate lynching no longer exists.

■

eternal. On school choice, the best Mfume could come up with was, "A voucher is not going to do it. Some slick twist of playing around with things is not going to do it."

If efforts to help the poor help themselves and get a decent education aren't good enough, one can only conclude that Bond and Mfume are waiting for a root-and-branch overhaul of American society, involving a massive redistribution of wealth. But this is silly melodrama, besmirching the legacy of an organization that accomplished a great deal through the hard work of maneuvering within the existing system. The Bond/Mfume approach is also out of step with the constituency the NAACP claims to represent. In polls, black Americans have come out 83 percent in favor of vouchers (Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies), 47 percent against racial preferences (*Wall*

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Street Journal/NBC News), and 91 percent in favor of workfare (Fabrizio, McLaughlin & Associates).

True, these are the same people who voted for Al Gore almost to a man—but the opinion polls show that this was not owing to agreement with the Democrats' handouts-and-pity vision of civil rights; the split between blacks' beliefs and their ballots is owing to a sense that we must vote for the party that "likes" us. The NAACP does much to promote this misconception. But while Bond ticked off the racist policies of past U.S. presidents, he forgot that his predecessors helped create the lives of today's black Americans by working with those very administrations for better or worse. Instead, Bond whipped up his audience by painting George W. Bush's cabinet as a "Taliban wing" whose "devotion to the Confederacy is nearly canine in its uncritical affection."

Thus did Bond signal that the NAACP has lost touch with reality. When we still have urgent business to do, crying wolf is a waste of our time. Furthermore, Bond's slurs combine with the attack ad on Bush to reveal that the NAACP, for all its indignation over "hate crimes," has become black America's most prominent hate group. Many contend that oppression renders a group immune from the laws of civility. But this rings a tad hollow for a group representing a race whose members today are more likely to be middle class than poor.

Which brings up a longstanding problem with the post–Civil Rights Act NAACP: its greater interest in symbolic hate-mongering than in lifting up the people who most need help. To be sure, Mfume promised a grand plan addressing education, health care, voting rights, racial profiling, etc. But why is the "biggest, baddest civil-rights organization" in America only now getting around to such planning? There was a time when the NAACP was virtually synonymous with black uplift, but it has not been at the forefront on any of the issues central to racial progress for decades now. While scattered coalitions of activists and thinkers address the crises in crime and education, Mfume jets around giving "grades" to the TV networks on the number of black faces in their ephemeral entertainment shows.

Commenting on Bush's pledge to end racial profiling, Mfume sniffed, "I welcome the president's words, but I will welcome more his actions"—yet Mfume's talk gave little indication that his policy plan will amount to much more than words. Nowhere was this dearth of gravitas clearer than in an extended passage in which he called for the audience to think back to the time when they were—brace yourself—sperm. "Let me tell you what it was like. You didn't have any arms or legs. You had a big ol' head and a little tail, and that's how you swam around." To the extent that I can make it out, this had something to do with the role of determination in forging change, the idea

Richard B. Levine

Bond and Mfume, out of touch

being that each sperm has but a small chance of fertilizing the egg. Clearly, however, there are richer analogies available, and Mfume spent more time on this little biology lesson than on any details of his grand policy plan.

But the eternal injustice of being black must make Kweisi Mfume exempt from general standards. Even the NAACP's official literature smells of a similar sentiment, evidenced in a cavalier attitude toward spelling and composition. On just one page of the organization's website, an official statement contains *possibel*, Roy *Wilkens* for Roy Wilkins, and *for mthe* for *from the*. This year's convention schedule was also riddled with errors, of the most elementary kind. This sort of thing may seem small, but it indicates a collapse of standards. One need only think of *The Crisis*, under the editorship of DuBois. Appearances do, in fact, matter. The current leaders of the NAACP would surely decry the stereotype that blacks are mentally inferior, but they let pass official literature that looks like it was written by a fifth grader.

Big-headed sperm and the art of the possibel do not represent black America. In its antipathy to acknowledging progress, its scant interest in community transformation, and its theatrically hostile rhetoric, the NAACP is no longer a "progressive" organization in any serious sense. The impulse to treat this organization as *the* black voice is a grave mistake. Modern blacks are well poised to realize that we must spread our resources more widely to attain political influence. Even Bond and Mfume appear to sense the pendulum swinging away, giving their speeches a defensive tone. As Bond justified "playing the race card" and Mfume took potshots at black conservatives, one sensed an awareness of twilight on the horizon. A group that really believed it was still the "biggest, baddest civil-rights organization in the country" would not have to talk this way.

President Bush could help push this tired, desperate, screeching band to the margins by focusing on people and organizations engaged in work that the NAACP's founders would appreciate—such as the black ministers he met with in March and the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise. Bush condescends to the black race if he suggests that it is "understandable" for black leaders to act as hate-mongers and know-nothings.

Next year, the president ought to decline the NAACP's annual invitation flat-out, and send no videotape as a consolation (as he did this year). Some will seize on this as evidence that Bush is "anti-black"; but these folks would insist on that regardless, and Bush will just have to chalk them up as losses. Truth be told, there are not *nearly* as many such people as we are often led to think, and if Bush wants to develop more of a following in black America, he must concentrate on those blacks committed to personal excellence and moving ahead. Sadly—but clearly—that will mean letting the NAACP go its own way. **NR**

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■ POLITICS II ■

Luck Be the Ladies?

The frat prez goes after the dames

KATE O'BEIRNE

WHEN members of the Republican National Committee meet in Boston later this month, they will be briefed on how to woo women voters. The presentation will include a startling electoral map of last November's results, showing that if only men had voted for president, George W. Bush would have carried 43 states—including New England and every state west of the Mississippi. Al Gore's alpha males in Illinois and New York would have accounted for over half of his modest 101 electoral votes.

This male-only map might prompt dark GOP thoughts about the wisdom of the Nineteenth Amendment, but it reveals a deeper problem for Democrats: the abandonment of their party by men. The Republicans have carried the women's vote in three of the last six presidential elections, winning as much as 56 percent in 1984, but Democrats haven't won more than 43 percent of the male vote in the past 20 years. Republicans have been made to feel that they have intractable women problems, but they have been able to bridge a gender divide that remains a treacherous gulf for the Democrats.

In November, Bush's support among men was 10 points higher than among women, and so Republicans are embarking on their quadrennial drill to make the party more female-friendly. Under the direction of Ann Wagner, the new co-chairman of the RNC, the committee is launching a "Winning Women" initiative, with grassroots outreach and a jazzy website to win more Venus voters to the GOP. The veteran Missouri activist is optimistic about President Bush's ability to close his 10-point gap. She believes that the opportunity for a "Bush-branding" of the GOP—a remolding of the party in the image of its likable leader—will make it more attractive to women.

Bush's support among women needs to grow by only the tiniest margin to ensure his reelection. In four states that Bush lost narrowly, a minuscule increase in his support from women—between 0.0011 percent and 0.0086 percent—could have won him 32 extra electoral votes.

Wagner's upbeat take on the gender divide might be chalked up to the need to rally the party faithful, but her view enjoys bipartisan support. Across Capitol Hill from the RNC, the Democratic Leadership Council is sounding an alarm to its own party about the flip side of the GOP's relatively manageable gender gap. The latest edition of the DLC magazine includes an article by William Galston on the Democrats' "White Male Problem": While women have been fickle voters over the past 20 years, backing Reagan twice and the senior Bush in 1988, Galston points out that political and policy developments of the past generation have consistently pushed white men away from the Democratic party, as the antigovernment sentiment of these men has shifted them toward ideological conservatism. Al Gore received only 36 percent of the white male vote, and GOP congressional and gubernatorial candidates also won the white-male vote by 20-point margins. Galston, a former Clinton White House staffer, explains that "the gender gap is more a reflection of men leaving the Democratic party than of women joining it."

Galston faults the "high-profile extremists" on the left for exacerbating the party's problems by tagging white men as "racist and patriarchal oppressors." The rhetoric has been costly. "Republican strength among white men more than offsets Democrats' dominance of the African-American vote," Galston reports. And the party's harridans aren't helping to win over female voters: In a recent Gallup poll, only 25 percent of all women labeled themselves

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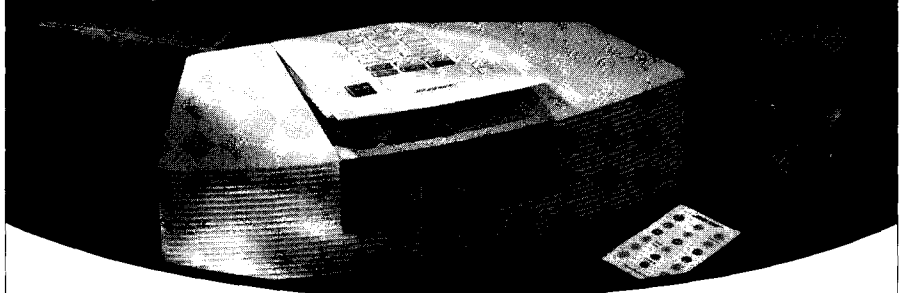

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"feminist." Another survey, by pollster Kellyanne Conway, found 41 percent of women calling themselves "conservative," and only 21 percent "liberal."

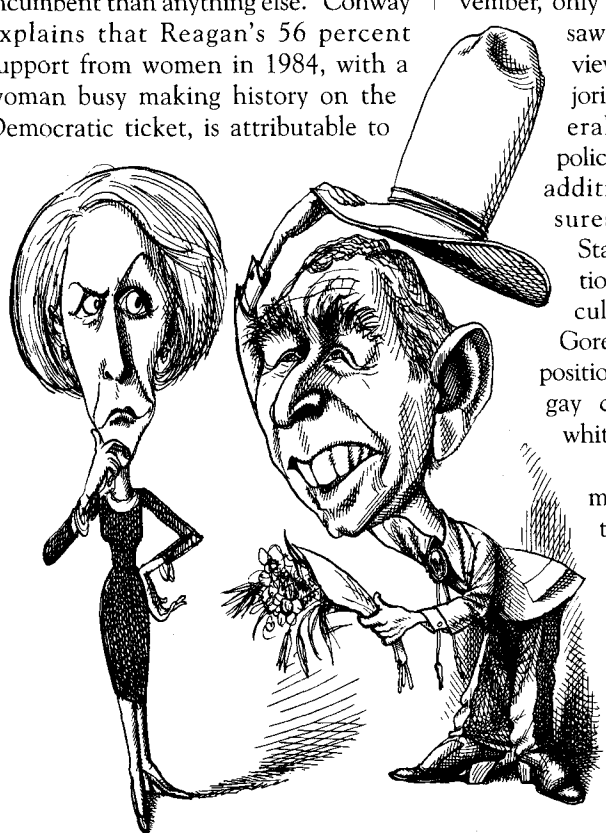
Conway, president of the Polling Company, explains that the traditional Democratic fare served up for the benefit of women voters doesn't satisfy their concerns. A recent *New York Times* poll on issues most important to the public found women more concerned with missile defense and foreign policy than abortion and gun control. While Republicans can boost their support from women by appearing competent and concerned, Conway maintains that the Democratic party is a tough sell to male voters because its fundamental economic policy is at odds with men's views on taxes and spending. "The Democratic senators facing reelection who voted for the tax cut know that men aren't easily sold and are more punitive at the ballot box than women."

Furthermore, says Conway, George W. Bush now enjoys a geographic asset of particular value with women voters: He's living in the White House. "One of the top non-issue issues that affect the gender gap is that women stick with what they know, so they are more pro-incumbent than anything else." Conway explains that Reagan's 56 percent support from women in 1984, with a woman busy making history on the Democratic ticket, is attributable to the power of incumbency with female voters. A GOP strategist notes, "If women stay in crummy marriages because it's what they know, we ought to be able to count on them to stick with a positive presidency."

If Republicans are helped because women know that Bush is in the White House, once they realize what he's been doing there he should be in even better shape. The majority of women attending a GOP-convened focus group last month didn't realize that a tax cut they welcomed had been approved. Karlyn Bowman, the polling expert at the American Enterprise Institute, explains that the country as a whole has tuned out Washington: When asked what the patients' bill of rights meant, only 12 percent of the public knew that it allowed suits against HMOs. And women—as is usual when it comes to national politics—are among the most detached citizens. Says Bowman: "I can't think of any issue where women are more attentive than men."

As both parties begin working on the gender divide for the next round of elections, men paying attention poses a bigger problem for Democrats than women's inattention does for the GOP. In November, only 19 percent of white men saw Al Gore as sharing their view of government; the majority of men disagree with liberal Democrats on foreign policy and defense, and oppose additional gun-control measures. Democratic pollster Stanley Greenberg's postelection analysis found that other cultural issues—particularly Gore's strident abortion-rights position and apparent support for gay civil unions—also drove white men toward Bush.

In order to win enough male voters to compete with the GOP, Democrats have to get men to ignore virtually all their party's positions on the issues. Given the appeal his incumbency has to women, all Bush has to do is be president. There's no doubt which side of the gender gap any reasonable person would want to be on. **NR**



By Roman Genn

■ **THE CONSTITUTION** ■

Immigrants for President

Why the foreign-born should be allowed to compete for the big job

JOHN J. MILLER

WHEN President Bush spoke at Ellis Island on July 10, his speech was full of patriotic boilerplate: "America at its best is a welcoming society." It was a ho-hum address that just about any president might have given. Praising America's immigrant tradition in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty is like making nice with farmers at the county fair: a job requirement for public officials.

Buried in Bush's remarks, however, was a comment that deserved notice. A group of immigrants were taking the oath of citizenship that day, the final step in their naturalization. "This is one of the things that makes our country so unique," said Bush. "With a single oath, all at once you become as fully American as the most direct descendant of a Founding Father."

That's almost true. Right beside Bush were two members of his own cabinet who wouldn't be allowed to succeed him as president, even though they're both citizens: labor secretary Elaine Chao, who was born in Taiwan, and housing secretary Mel Martinez, who is from Cuba. The Constitution is pretty clear on this point: "No Person except a natural born Citizen, or a Citizen of the United States, at the time of the Adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the Office of President."

In other words, an immigrant won't ever call the shots from behind the big desk in the Oval Office—unless the Constitution is amended. This is not done easily, but it is something the Bush administration ought to consider seriously. One senior official calls the idea "intriguing" and says it has been tossed around at least informally. Pursued wisely, such an amendment has the potential to force millions of voters to take a fresh look at their president.

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Altering the Constitution is a grave act, and the first step in even considering it is to know why the document says what it does. The prohibition against immigrant presidents, however, was not the subject of much debate by the Founders, partly because it was a late addition. Yet it is not hard to guess at their reasoning. They probably recognized that many European kings weren't born in the lands they ruled, and wanted to take America in another direction. They also may have believed that the country's chief elected official must possess an inborn sense of American culture. At a time when a newly independent United States was struggling to find its place in the world, this was understandable—though it's also worth noting that the drafters included a loophole permitting foreign-born people living at that time to become president. (The eminent constitutional scholar Edward S. Corwin wryly observed that founder James Wilson "seems to have felt the need of such a clause in his own behalf especially keenly.") So the concept of a foreign-born president was not off-limits to the Founders, and they understood that historical circumstances might warrant different rules.

Today, it is hard to imagine voters electing a foreign-born candidate who wasn't in essence an American. An immigrant president most likely would embrace the United States with the fervor of a convert—a flag-waving nationalist whose public displays of love for country would match Joe Lieberman talking about his faith. People would start rolling their eyes by the third Pledge of Allegiance in every stump speech. This candidate, too, probably would have been raised in the U.S. since early childhood, making him a product of American culture. At the very least, the president would not be fresh off the boat: The Constitution already requires any president, even a native, to have lived in the U.S. for 14 years.

One of the wonders of American culture, of course, is the spectacle of people *becoming* American. We call this assimilation or, less clinically, Americanization. It is a rough process that affects people in different ways. On an individual level, it includes successes, failures, and much in between. It also holds a special place in the public imagination—most Americans can name an immigrant forebear, and a great many know immigrant ancestors as more than names. Their stories of arriving here, learning English, and gaining citizenship are central not just to millions of family histories, but to the whole country's sense of itself. As Harvard's Oscar Handlin remarked 50 years ago, "Once I thought to write a history of the immigrants in America. Then I discovered that immigrants *were* American history." By proposing to remove the single legal distinction the United States makes between citizens by birth and citizens by choice (their own or their parents'), Bush would fit himself inside a grand tradition of assimilation and acceptance.

The political case for the amendment is obvious: America's 27 million immigrants—roughly a third of them citizens—would look up to Bush with a new appreciation. Bush and the GOP have committed enormous resources to courting immigrant-heavy Hispanic and Asian-American communities. Their efforts are often harmless (the Philadelphia convention), and at least once they have been terribly misguided (the capitulation on Vieques). It's not clear that these moves have been at all effective on the level of partisan politics. By offering this amendment—a completely unexpected proposal—Bush would force people to sit up and pay attention. Suppose he turned its passage into a pet cause he mentioned at every opportunity; suddenly it becomes the Bush Amend-

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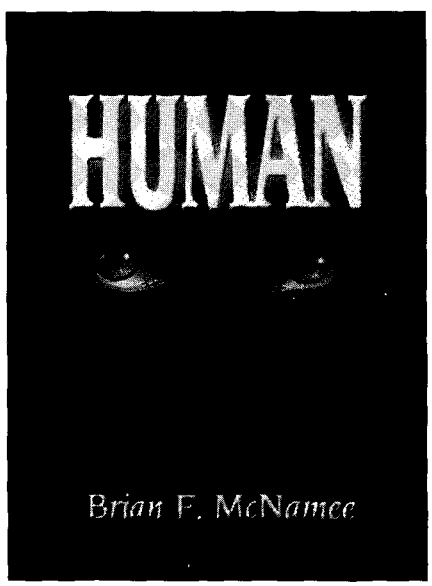

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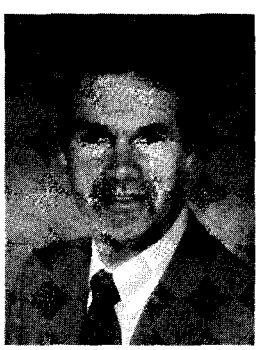

About Dr. McNamee...

Dr. McNamee, M.D. has been a physician since 1971 and did his residency training at the world-famous Cleveland Clinic. He is presently a Clinical Instructor at Ohio University School of Medicine. In 1988, he graduated with highest honors from Cleveland State University Law School and embarked on a career in the practice of law. He continues to practice both law and medicine full time. He served as a consultant and expert in the recent civil trial of the famous Dr. Sam Sheppard murder case in Cleveland. His expertise lends an air of realism to the medicine, science, and trial scenes in his current novel HUMAN. All of the medicine and science in this story are factual and reflect the cutting edge of modern medical and genetic technology.

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ment, and it operates with awesome symbolic power. Because he's already gone to Ellis Island, Bush could announce his intentions at what is arguably a better place anyway: the immigration station at Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, where thousands of Asians once entered the U.S.

Sometimes the smallest initiatives have the biggest impact. Americans are sure to remember Bill Clinton's presidency in many ways, but focus groups suggest there's a single policy accomplishment they are more likely to recall than all the others: school uniforms. By proposing them in 1996, Clinton sent a reassuring signal to parents worried about social order in public schools and inoculated himself against charges of ACLU-style liberalism. For Bush, offering to amend Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution would generate similar levels of positive feeling in voter blocs he has targeted. Even if his efforts fail—as most amendments do—he gets credit: The GOP has found the flag-burning amendment politically useful without actually passing it.

There is, however, a potential danger in this plan. The opponents of immigration currently operate in a state of suspended animation; they have nothing to organize around because the public isn't crying out for new restrictions and there's no significant bill in Congress addressing their concerns (despite rumblings of a plan to amnesty millions of illegal aliens). The Bush Amendment could change the tone. As state legislatures move to consider it, nativist voices would emerge. Many of these would belong to Republicans and pit Bush against his base in the type of internecine fight the media love to publicize. In this environment, the plan to win immigrant votes might backfire.

But that's a worst-case scenario, and there is seldom a risk-free political idea. There's a best-case scenario, too: It has Americans of all stripes backing up the words they enjoy hearing from their president with an actual deed to make those words a reality. It also encourages voters to think about Bush in a new light and find areas of agreement in places where they may not have looked before. One of our country's great notions about itself is the belief that every boy (or girl) can grow up to be president. The Bush Amendment is just another way of leaving no child behind. **NR**

■ **THE ACADEMY** ■

Liars for the Cause

When scholars ditch the truth

RAMESH PONNURU

JOSEPH J. ELLIS may never have been in combat in Vietnam, but he is certainly getting shelled now. In June, the *Boston Globe* revealed that Ellis, a professor of history at Mount Holyoke College and a Pulitzer Prize-winning author, is also a distinguished writer of fictions about himself. He told his students that he served in Vietnam; he didn't. He told them that when he got back home he became an antiwar activist. Not so. He said that he had done dangerous civil-rights work in Mississippi—another lie. He told a reporter that he had scored the winning touchdown for his high-school football team in the last game of his senior year. The *Globe* discovered that Ellis wasn't on the team *and* that the team had lost its last two games that year anyway.

The *Globe* described its own report as an "explosive revelation," and it has been taken as such. The administration at Mount Holyoke has issued a statement criticizing Ellis and launched an investigation of his lies to students and reporters. Colleagues have said they feel "betrayed" by him. Officials at both the American Historical Association and the American Association of University Professors have condemned him in the *Globe*. Historian David Garrow took to the paper's op-ed page to write that Ellis should be "barred from ever again teaching history" because of this "horrible scandal." The call has echoed far and wide. "Ellis should go," editorialized the *Los Angeles Times*.

The criticism of Ellis has been so severe that it has inspired a bit of a backlash. His defenders note that nobody has questioned the accuracy of his work as a historian. A judgment of Ellis's professional conduct, they say, should weigh his book on John Adams more heavily than his attempts to impress the ladies at Mount Holyoke. On one point, though, everyone in the debate—academics and journalists, critics and defenders—seems to agree: An academic who lies about his professional field of expertise is guilty of a serious offense and deserves condemnation.

It is a reasonable, indeed justified, view. It has everything going for it, in fact, except that neither the media nor the academy is willing to act on it—at least when the lying in question serves liberals' political objectives. In two recent cases of scholarly misconduct of the most public sort, the exposure of this misconduct was greeted, mostly, with silence.

In 1989, over 400 historians signed a legal brief to the Supreme Court as it was considering a case on abortion law (*Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*). The historians, unsurprisingly, urged the Court to reaffirm *Roe* v. *Wade*'s holding that the Constitution protects a

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The brief was a complete fraud. The sources on which it purported to rely contradicted its argument. Etc.

■

right to abortion. Their brief argued that the common law protected this right at the time the Constitution was adopted. (Yes, really.) Further, it argued that when abortion was later restricted it was for reasons having nothing to do with anyone's view that a fetus had a right to life. Abortion was restricted, rather, to further the self-interest of doctors and, of course, to keep women down.

The brief was a complete fraud. In truth, the law always restricted abortion, and the 19th-century movement to tighten the law sought to protect what it regarded as fetal life. And the brief didn't come by its bad history honestly. The truth was readily available. The sources on which the brief purported to rely contradicted its argument; so did the published work of many signatories to the brief. For example: The brief

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praised *Abortion in America* ("widely regarded as accurate and comprehensive") by James Mohr, a signatory, and cited it to support the claim that abortion was a "common-law liberty." Most of the cited pages in the book are irrelevant to the claim, but on one of them (page 3) Mohr writes, "After quickening, the expulsion and destruction of a fetus without due cause was considered a crime."

Fraudulent though it was, the historians' brief was extremely influential. Press coverage in 1989 tended to assume the accuracy of its claims. Walter Dellinger, later to serve in the Clinton Justice Department, spent most of an article in the *The New Republic* uncritically summarizing it. Laurence Tribe and Ronald Dworkin, the preeminent liberal legal theorists of our time, relied on the brief's history in their books on abortion. A few writers called attention to the fraud: Gerard Bradley in *First Things*, John Finnis in *Academic Questions*, and yours truly in NR ("Aborting History," October 23, 1995). But nobody else has said anything. Prominent signatories—including Sean Wilentz and Paul Starr of Princeton, Barbara Ehrenreich, Tony Judt, Alan Charles Kors—have never repudiated it or even faced much pressure to do so. (Mohr, at least, refrained from signing the revised, but also fraudulent, version of the brief that was submitted to the Supreme Court in a later abortion case.)

Since the historians' brief, there has been an even more egregious case of scholarly duplicity in the courtroom: the case of Martha Nussbaum, a classicist, moral philosopher, law and divinity professor, and general-purpose academic celebrity at the University of Chicago. In the early '90s, Nussbaum was an expert witness in a high-profile court battle over "gay rights." Colorado voters had passed a state constitutional amendment barring localities from enacting laws to grant preferences or ban discrimination based on sexual orientation. Gay activists promptly sued to have the law struck down. In the course of doing her part to help their effort, Nussbaum lied under oath.

The activists argued, among other things, that the amendment had to be thrown out because it was based on sectarian views. Academic witnesses for the state (notably Finnis and Princeton's Robert George) noted, against this argument, that important pre-Christian philosophers such as Plato opposed homosexual conduct on nontheological grounds. In order to prove the contrary proposition—to prove, that is, that no great pre-Christian Mediterranean civilization or classical Greek or Roman thinker had ever condemned homosexuality—Nussbaum had to misrepresent both the ancient thinkers and the modern commentaries on them, including her own published work.

George quoted a book by classicist Kenneth Dover, for example, noting that Socrates "condemn[ed] homosexual copulation." Nussbaum falsely claimed that Dover had revised his view of the matter in a postscript to the book's second edition. Finnis introduced another scholarly source, a book by David Cohen that noted that Athenian society had disapproved of homosexual conduct. In response, Nussbaum claimed that Cohen was "not a classicist," said that he "has never been employed by a department of classics," and implied that he did not know Greek. None of these assertions is true. Cohen told Finnis that a few years before the trial, he had answered Nussbaum's questions about his scholarly credentials in a long conversation.

Nussbaum's most flagrant falsification concerned an issue of translation. Plato had classified homosexual activity as "*tolmema*," and Finnis had cited sources that took the word to denote a "crime" or "enormity." Nussbaum testified not merely that there were more appropriate translations, but that Finnis's translation was clearly wrong. The word actually meant something nonpejorative, such as "venture" or "deed of daring," she said.

The authoritative dictionary in the field is Liddell, Scott & Jones's lexicon. It includes the pejorative translation "shameless act." So Nussbaum submitted an affidavit that said that a lexicon by "Liddle [sic], Scott" was "the authoritative dictionary relied on by all scholars in this area." The words "& Jones" were whited out. Without those words, Nussbaum's reference was to a long-outdated version of the lexicon that did not include the pejorative term. But that version is not in fact "authoritative"; Nussbaum uses the newer one in her own published work.

As in the case of the historians' abortion brief, Nussbaum's misrepresentations did attract criticism. Professors Bradley and Finnis blew the whistle. Daniel Mendelsohn wrote an article for *Lingua Franca*, the academic review, which while sympathetic to Nussbaum's political views cited evidence establishing that her testimony was "perjurious." Mendelsohn's article probably hurt Nussbaum's reputation, but otherwise she has faced no consequences for her misconduct.

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Apparently the moralists who have gone after Joseph Ellis are not concerned by perjury or offenses close to it.

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The contrast to the Ellis case is striking. Ellis, so far as we know, never misled anyone about his subject matters. But Nussbaum and many of the historians who signed the abortion brief put their scholarly authority behind what they must have known to be falsehoods. (Not all the historians who signed the brief knew it was fraudulent; some no doubt signed it relying on the authority of Mohr and other acknowledged scholars in the field.) They did so, moreover, to affect public policy by corrupting judicial proceedings. But apparently the moralists who have gone after Joseph Ellis are not concerned by perjury or offenses close to it. Nussbaum and the historians were only lying about sex, after all.

Neither Nussbaum nor any of the historians who signed the brief have been disciplined by the colleges and universities that employ them. None of them has faced investigations. No professional association has taken notice of these episodes. David Garrow has written no outraged op-eds about them.

Shortly after the Ellis story broke, *The New Republic* ran an editorial comment taking Ellis to task for sinning against the "historical truth" he "is supposed to cherish." Martha Nussbaum is still a valued contributor to the magazine. **NR**

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■ ABROAD ■

A Spanish Disquisition

How one European nation can distinguish itself

REID BUCKLEY

THE subjective Geiger counter registers a lessening of anti-American sentiment, if only by comparison with France and Germany and the green wastes of Scandinavia.

Thanks in part to the conservative government of President José María Aznar, which five years ago succeeded the dreary socialism of Felipe González. Another leavening influence may be the presentiment among some Spaniards that the future of the peninsula rests with the United States and an imaginative expansion of NAFTA across the seas to the British Isles and Iberia. Yes, Spain and perfidious Albion, longtime rival powers, may be destined to become bosom trading pals. Should this happen, it will be thanks to the wisdom and prescience of Francisco Franco, an ogre to politically correct Spaniards, much as McCarthy is to the liberally correct in America.

On July 10, in the cultural section of Madrid's venerable *ABC*, a headline proclaimed: "United States May Be the Launching Pad of the Spaniard in the 21st Century, or His Cemetery." The sense of the headline is cryptic. The report was of the annual meeting of the Cervantes Institute, at which its director, Jon Juaristi, delivered an address in which he noted the burgeoning global economic importance of the Spaniard. Prof. Gonzalo Gómez Dacal of the University of Salamanca noted that Spaniards (meaning, Hispanics) in the United States are a "value in ascension," the population of 35.3 million Spanish-speaking immigrants displacing blacks as the most numerous minority and dominating the politics of such major cities as Miami, New York, and Los Angeles. The strength of this minority, declared Sr. Juaristi, resides not only in its numbers (which are projected to grow phenomenally), but in its manner of assimilation. The Hispanic immigrant "doesn't reject his roots, and the more cultured he is, not only the better does he speak English, but the more does he resist losing his maternal tongue." In "the near future," Juaristi predicts, the United States will provide (an unspecified) maximum potential for people of Spanish blood and become their "launching pad in the 21st century." Spain and (foremost) Mexico will play major roles in the political implications of this phenomenon, and must take advantage of it "from the point of view of cultural investment."

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Spain is Moorish, fiercely independent, indirect, labyrinthine, and canny.

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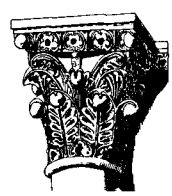
As reported, these are murky asseverations. Where the cemetery referenced to by the headline comes in, the article does not get around to. Explicit is the recommendation that Spain exploit the opportunity of furthering Spanish interests through the agency of Hispanic immigration into the United States, and plainly implicit is the heralding of an historical opportunity for Spain to serve as the New World's wedge in the European Union, the enchantment of which is fast tarnishing as the autocratic temperament of Brussels expresses itself more and more egregiously; by such, for a recent example, as its desire to slap a 2.5 percent surtax on member nations. (As commentator José María Garciá-Hoz wrote bitingly the other day, "The European Union can fail because Europe has no Europeans." He added, "The European voter doesn't want changes in his country or in his way of life . . . He invests his money yonder, where he sees the most future [for it]: on the other side of the Atlantic.")



Back in the 1960s, Franco's minister of foreign affairs, Fernando María Castiella, sedulously cultivated Spain's former colonies in the New World (not excluding Communist Cuba) while at the same time courting the favor of Morocco and other North African states (by, among other measures, declining to recognize Israel). Franco sought access to markets; but on the far horizon he envisaged an international role for Spain as broker for both North Africa and Latin America in Europe, a development logically evolving (in his mind) from historical connections reaching back to the 5th century in North Africa's case, to the 15th in the New World's. He relinquished Rio de Oro, former "Spanish Morocco," retaining just the two outposts of Melilla and Ceuta. In Latin America he sought to change Spain's image from detested tyrant to loving (and respectful) mother (which is why Fidel Castro and such as the Sandinistas of Nicaragua were not excluded from the maternal embrace). The stress of this policy was cultural: in the case of North Africa, acknowledgement of the vast inheritance by Spain in language, art, verse, customs, mysticism, and modes of intellection from the Berbers and their descendants; in the case of Latin America, the reverse: the obvious cultural descendancy of those nations, including language and religion.

Spain is European and supports the Union. But Spain is also Moorish, fiercely independent, indirect, labyrinthine, and canny. From the point of view of a panoply of interests, it would requite Spain to position herself independently and beneficially within the European Union by continuing to cultivate her special ties to Latin America and, through her Hispanic children, her growing cultural influence in the United States; and by joining a North Atlantic trading association that would include the British Isles and possibly Portugal . . . and might even cross the straits into North Africa.

And oh, wouldn't this give the likes of Jacques Chirac, Lionel Jospin, Gerhard Schröder, Joschka Fischer, and European Commission president Romano Prodi a fit! **NR**

Mr. Buckley's latest book is *Strictly Speaking*.

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■ COVER STORY ■

Ugh, Wilderness!

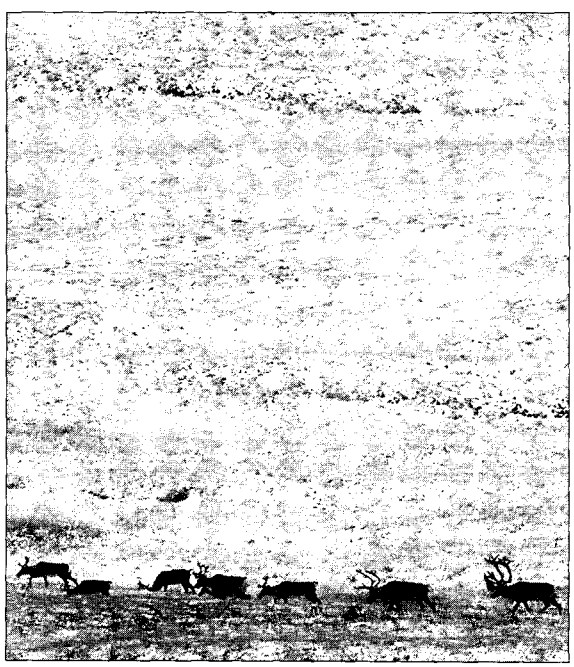
The horror of 'ANWR,' the American elite's favorite hellhole

JONAH GOLDBERG

Deadhorse, Alaska

As I stand here looking at what must be the largest selection of porn magazines above the Arctic Circle (and an impressive display by any standards), I can't help thinking of a line from the 1973 film classic *Papillon*: "Abandon all hope and masturbate as little as possible."

In a sense, that should be the motto of Deadhorse. This "town" has one store and no restaurants. Worse, with the exception of some inaccessible Indian and Eskimo villages, the nearest alcohol is on the other side of a vast mountain range hundreds of miles to the south. Indeed, this fact alone may explain why the general store has every conceivable publication for the man who enjoys drinking a beer and wooing a lady, but can't—because he's in Deadhorse.



Residents of some humble towns boast of their McDonald's or Krispy Kreme franchises, or perhaps the fact that Elvis once passed through. Deadhorse chauvinists are quick to brag that this sprawling, gravel-lined lot of airplane hangars, cargo dumps, and corrugated trailers has a ZIP code; once this postal luxury has been mentioned, the frills drop off dramatically. The next-most-impressive thing is the bumper sticker on the pickup truck that splashed mud on my shoes. It reads, "Where the Hell is Deadhorse, Alaska?"

I have come here because if you want to write about oil exploration in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, you have to come here. Deadhorse is the central spur for oil activity on the North Slope of Alaska, specifically the area known as Prudhoe Bay. I arrived in Deadhorse together with a hundred or so regular commuters from Anchorage, all of them employed one way or another in the search for what was once called—at least in the opening of *The Beverly Hillbillies*—black gold, or Texas Tea.

They work in the North Slope, an 89,000-square-mile tract of land roughly the size of Minnesota. If Alaska were Don King, the North Slope would be his afro. More specifically they work in the much smaller area around the coastal plain near Prudhoe Bay, the starting point of the trans-Alaska pipeline and the home of the richest oilfields in North America. And within that space, they work on a comparatively tiny archipelago of parking-lot-sized islands of human activity in a boundless ocean of tundra.

Indeed, before you can appreciate what a small presence human beings have up here, you need to understand how mind-bogglingly huge—and devoid of people—Alaska really is. Alaska has a population not much greater than that of the nation's capital, but you could fit the District of Columbia into it more than 9,000 times. You could squeeze California into it almost four times; New York State, more than eleven times. A former Army Ranger who now works in Prudhoe Bay as a doctor put it to me this way: "We don't even bother trying to put out Connecticut-sized forest fires up here. *Maybe* we start to worry when they get to be the size of Virginia."

Over 60 percent of the official wilderness areas of the U.S. are in Alaska alone (which is one reason native Alaskans resent bureaucrats four time zones away who try to turn their state into a federally protected theme park). Anchorage, on the southern coast, is Alaska's biggest city, accounting all by itself for more than a third of the state's population.

The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge is way over on the other side of Alaska, past several mountain ranges. ANWR is 19.6 million acres, about the size of South Carolina. And it's beautiful. Well, most of it is. But more about that in a moment. On the very northern cusp of ANWR is what is commonly called the coastal plain, a tract of flat tundra largely indistinguishable from other spots along the coast and throughout the region. This comprises about 8 percent of the refuge—but an even smaller fraction of its pretty scenery. Some of this area is already off-limits to oil explo-

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ration, permanently. Nonetheless, the U.S. Geological Survey—seconded by industry experts—believes there could be untold billions of barrels of oil in the swath still legally available. The oil industry says it would need to use only 2,000 acres—an area no bigger than Dulles Airport, outside D.C.—to get that oil. This footprint would be 50 times smaller than the Montana ranch owned by Ted Turner, who helps bankroll efforts to keep ANWR off-limits.

Why do affluent Ted Turner types oppose exploration? Well, there's a simple explanation and a complicated one. The simple one is that it could be bad for the Porcupine River caribou herd, the second smallest of the four major caribou herds that sometimes use the area to calve their young; in turn, a tribe of Indians called the Gwich'in claim this would destroy their way of life because they live off the Porcupine caribou (but nowhere near where the drilling would be). The more complicated explanation is that this is all a convenient and bogus cover for the simple fact that Americans generally—and environmentalists like Turner specifically—are more than a little daft when it comes to ANWR.

'MAJESTIC' AND 'GLORIOUS'?

The most striking thing about this part of the world is how much meaning we impose on it. I don't even mean simply the ideological baggage of environmentalists or rank capitalists. Human beings impose meaning at the most basic level. Take, for example, something as mundane as the calendar. "Day" and "night" are total abstractions up here. When I arrived in Deadhorse, it was "early morning" according to my watch. But the reality is that the sun has not set into night, nor will it rise into a new day, for weeks.

The sun beats down on the North Slope more or less constantly for another month or two as the Northern Hemisphere eases itself into winter. When winter comes, there is no sunlight whatsoever for 56 straight days, and long after that, the sun is barely a momentary gift of orange and (later) yellow. If you wanted to set your clock ahead for daylight savings, you'd need to turn the big hand to "May."

In this sense the whole area is really just a Rorschach test for the imagination. There's little doubt that for much of human history most reasonable people would have considered this spot the definition of the word "godforsaken." You need not look back, for evidence, to the ancient pilgrims who died on the frozen tundra. You could simply read an old copy of the *Washington Post* from 14 years ago: "[T]hat part of the [ANWR] is one of the bleakest, most remote places on this continent, and there is hardly any other where drilling would have less impact on the surrounding life."

Two decades have intervened, and an environmental fatwa has been issued declaring that the word "pristine" is synonymous with "beautiful" or "sacred." Of course, anyone who has seen a mint-condition AMC Gremlin knows that pristineness and aesthetic appeal have only a coincidental relationship. Even ANWR fetishists concede that in the winter, with its complete darkness and 70-below-zero temperatures—not counting wind chill—this is no paradise.

But then, it's no paradise in the summertime either. During the winter, the entire coastal plain is covered by a vast tarp of ice; when the sun comes back, the resulting thaw creates, well, lots of puddles. These patches of freestanding water pock the flat tundra for as far as the eye can see; that's why this barren region is the only place the U.S. government recognizes as both a desert and a wetland. The water in an old tire can breed thousands of mosquitoes; a puddle in a junkyard, millions. ANWR is the Great Kingdom of the Mosquitoes.

In preparation for my trip, I contacted several Prudhoe veterans. They all said the same thing: Beware the mosquitoes. "They're about the size of blue jays," one man warned. Another explained how they pluck the lighter roughnecks off the catwalks to devour them more slowly in their vast, hidden mosquito caves.

So when I reach the oil installation called Alpine, I'm prepared. In Anchorage, I'd bought the most powerful bug repellent the store had, containing 95 percent DEET—a shorthand for some monstrous chemical that requires a warning label more appropriate for a rusty drum of anthrax. I sprayed myself all over with the solution—except in the face; the bottle warned that this might send me to the hospital—including my thick long-sleeved shirt and the tucked-in T-shirt underneath.

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Even ANWR fetishists concede that in the winter, with its 70-below-zero temperatures, this is no paradise. But then, it's no paradise in the summertime either.

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We take an SUV down the gravel road to the oil wells, a couple of dozen mosquitoes in tow. As we drive up to the wells, a man walking down the road waves at us, and presumably smiles, from behind a mask of tropical mosquito netting, the sort worn by the crews who finished the Panama Canal. Our guide declares, "I've got to get one of those."

Me too, I quickly decide. The mosquitoes are not fast flyers, but if you stand still they swarm around you like senators spotting a TV camera. The DEET works well, where it works. But since the warning label suggested avoiding my face, the buggers go straight for my nose, mouth, and, most distressingly, the air pockets of my safety goggles. While they are not the size of blue jays, I can't help wondering how so many journalists have scoured the area without mentioning the fact that on a bad day, according to the villagers in nearby Nuisquit, you can't open your mouth for fear of inhaling the mosquitoes.

All right, it may not be great shakes for people, but this is Eden for the caribou, right? Well, that's what you might think from reading the purple prose found in, for example, the *New York Times*. Perhaps because of the politics involved, a seemingly limitless number of journalists from the Lower 48 put on their "nature lover" hats when writing about the spring thaw along the coastal plain. They write

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about the "majestic" and "glorious" return of the "majestic" and "glorious" caribou herds to their ancestral and, yes, "majestic" and "glorious" calving grounds. From these dispatches it's a wonder teenage girls ever bothered with unicorn posters when they could have pinned serene Arctic caribou to their bedroom walls.

The roughnecks in Prudhoe Bay have a saying: "Life begins at forty." This is not a self-help mantra, but a statement of fact. Once the temperature rises above 40 degrees, torrents of insects—the mosquitoes among the least nettlesome—emerge to dash through the winged portion of their life cycle before the winter returns. Perhaps because they are in such a hurry, they don't take much time to be kind to the caribou; the swarms can kill calves and even adults.

Consider the warble fly, a vicious bumblebee-like insect that is so mean it can cause a whole herd to go berserk, stomping the ground in a panic and eventually stampeding; not even wolf packs can make them do that. The warble fly lays its eggs on the caribou's leg hairs. When the larvae hatch, they march like Germans through Paris—which is to say, unopposed—through the caribou's flesh to its back, where they feed off its skin and fat from the end of summer until the following spring. Starting in late May, the creatures burst out of the caribou's skin and fall to the ground. A biologist's text asserts: "Every caribou hide I've ever examined has had anywhere from 20–350 warbles along its back."

And then there's the nostril fly, or nosebot, which reproduces by harassing the caribou's ample nostrils. In the process of trying to rid themselves of these agonizing pests, the animals lick at their muzzles or press their snouts into the soil, which delights the nosebots because it pushes the larvae into the caribou's nose. The grubs hatch in the nostrils and inch their way back to the base of the throat, where they feed and grow into a larval mass so large that the caribou's breathing can become difficult. The following spring, the caribou do get to sneeze the fly larvae onto the ground—but the expelled critters only hatch and start the process all over again.

And all the while, the caribou are hunted by the omnipresent mosquitoes as well as bears, wolves, various native tribes on three-wheelers or in boats, and (of course) the occasional mukluk-wearing well-to-do orthodontist from New Rochelle who fancies himself a big-game hunter. The caribou essentially race to the coastal plain in a cloven-hoofed Arctic death march in pursuit of cooler pastures and, perhaps—if they are lucky—someplace with the tiniest breeze to spare them from the pestilence.

One such place happens to be Prudhoe Bay itself; specifically, the areas around the oil installations and pipelines, where the Central Arctic caribou herd has thrived in the shadow of extensive oil extraction. Since drilling started here, the herd has increased fivefold. The caribou throng to the roads and gravel pads because the breeze is slightly stronger, and hence a bit more free of the bugs. They hide in the shade under the pipeline on the warm days, and plenty of people will tell you they cozy up to it for warmth in the winter. At least for the Central Arctic herd, the oil facilities are less a disruption and more like the equivalent of the man-made reefs we make from old tankers, for sea life, off the Louisiana coast.

THE M*A*S*H UNIT OF OIL DRILLING

At the terminal in Deadhorse, we boarded a beat-up old yellow school bus that serves as the shuttle to planes bound for the "remote" areas on the North Slope. The formidable female bus driver announced to her regular roughneck passengers, "Boy! The grizzlies are really on the prowl this morning."

As I was to learn from dozens of roughnecks and others, grizzly bears, like caribou, aren't frightened by oil exploration. They consider Deadhorse the Paris or New York of the North Slope; they come in to see the sights, perhaps grab a little dinner, even to catch a show. Everyone has a bear story: The owner of an air-charter service recounts to me how she came out of her office one day to find three bears sitting, expectantly, atop her car, as if she were late for the car pool.

There wasn't much to look at on the flight to Alpine. Once you get over the fact that you are literally on top of the world, in an exotic locale relatively few people will ever see, you come to the sobering realization that the landscape below makes the tall grassy marshes surrounding New York's JFK Airport look like the wilderness outside Winnie the Pooh's house. Most of the regulars didn't even look up from their newspapers to peer out the window. I comforted myself with the fact that ANWR would be much better looking.

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Opponents of drilling are absolutely right: Oil exploration isn't pretty. But the drilling that once would have required perhaps a dozen wells now requires only one.

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Opponents of drilling are absolutely right: Oil exploration isn't pretty. The Alpine site looks like a few gravel parking lots connected by a gravel road. There's industrial piping piled up and corrugated trailers and loading paddocks everywhere. The whole place looks like the floor of one of those giant construction pits before they put up a skyscraper in downtown New York. But what the opponents are reluctant to acknowledge is that the place is tiny: The entire Alpine installation, including living quarters for up to 700 people, covers less than 100 acres (97, to be exact). Those 100 acres represent two-tenths of 1 percent of the 40,000-acre oilfield. The drilling that once would have required perhaps a dozen wells, spread out across the tundra, now requires only one.

This is the miracle of directional drilling, a relatively new technology that environmentalist ideologues are loath to admit even exists, because it runs completely counter to the earth-gouging stereotypes of yesteryear. Directional drilling makes it possible to drill in virtually any direction for miles. Indeed, the drilling can go down hundreds of feet, then sideways, then upwards again, like a fishhook. Don't think of an oil well as a straw, but as an octopus, with tentacles stretch-

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ing out in all directions. If the Washington Monument were an absurdly tall directional oil well, it could extract oil from underneath the Bethesda suburbs, Arlington National Cemetery, and the Capitol dome—without waking up a sleeping Bethesda baby, rattling an Arlington headstone, or knocking Tom DeLay's bullwhip from the wall.

Today, crews aren't allowed on the tundra. "If I took a leak out there, I'd get fired," an engineer tells me. "In the winter, if you spill some coffee into the snow, you'd better go get a shovel and dig it up."

One of the reasons there is so little environmental impact is that these are the M*A*S*H units of oil exploration: The entire operation is on wheels. Pretty much everything in Alpine doubles as a cosmic-sized Tonka truck. In order to avoid roadwork on the precious tundra, the oil companies build immense ice roads that can bear massive stresses, but still melt harmlessly during the summer. Divided into 15 modules weighing over 15,000 tons, almost the entire Alpine installation was driven, literally, over the Arctic Ocean, and across miles of tundra—without leaving so much as a pothole.

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'I knew a guy who got fired for throwing a rock at a fox,' the former ranger tells me. He wasn't throwing rocks for sport, mind you; apparently almost all of the Arctic foxes are rabid.

■

During my tour, the "company man"—that's really what they call them—walks us around the well and through the huge machinery that processes the oil and washes the gravel thrown off by the drilling. I expected the oil workers to feel more than a little put out by all of the environmental hoops they are forced to jump through. But I can't find anyone to say so. In fact, everyone brags about how they run a "zero discharge" facility. "What comes on the slope, comes off the slope," is a mantra. Alongside the runway are huge piles of garbage slated to be flown back to civilization.

Regardless, the media coverage of North Slope oil extraction is a constant source of exasperation to the engineers and roughnecks. For example, the biggest topic of conversation during my stay here is a recent issue of *Field & Stream* that asserted that bored Prudhoe workers were shooting endangered animals for fun in their off hours. It is the source of constant eye-rolling, jokes, and sighs among the allegedly bored and dangerous workers.

"I knew a guy who got fired for throwing a rock at a fox," the former ranger tells me, with great exasperation. He wasn't throwing rocks for sport, mind you; apparently almost all of the Arctic foxes are rabid. If you get bitten by a rabid fox with inactive rabies, you get those infamous shots. If you get bitten by a fox with active rabies, the company pays for your funeral. "Every single fox head I've sent to Anchorage for testing has come up positive," he explains. I make a mental note to thank God that I don't have a job that requires the harvesting of rabid fox heads.

THE IDEA OF PARADISE

The day after my tour of Alpine, my pilot, Kermit Carns, and I fly out towards ANWR. To my left is the Arctic Ocean, a vast jumble of icy, slow-thawing jigsaw-puzzle pieces sitting on a table of dark water. To my right, another ocean, this one of green tundra with thousands of islands of water dotting the landscape: miles upon miles of tundra and puddles. We do see a couple of thousand caribou hugging the frigid beaches of the Arctic Ocean, where the cold and the wind protect them from the insects. The caribou look very bored, lounging along the shore, but I assume they are relieved.

When Francisco Vásquez de Coronado's expedition stumbled upon the Grand Canyon in 1540, it did not occur to him or his party that it was a thing of beauty. Rather, it was a huge hole in the ground, and an even bigger hassle. Over the next three centuries, the Spanish and countless others encountered the natural wonder and considered it little more than a big obstacle. It wasn't until the 1870s that non-indigenous North Americans looked upon the Canyon as "beautiful."

So if it took hundreds of years for Americans to recognize that a giant gash in the ground was actually a marvel, perhaps I can be forgiven for failing to see the beauty in the coastal plain—if that beauty is actually there. But I suspect that the majority of Americans who oppose oil exploration in ANWR would agree with me if they saw it firsthand. Indeed, they would probably agree that if America had to be struck by an asteroid, this would be the ideal impact point. Of course, I am not talking about ANWR's beautiful mountain vistas, the ones cooed over by cable-news hostesses. Not only is that stuff legally protected from oil exploration, it is far, far away from anywhere the oil companies want to drill—i.e., the thousands of football fields' worth of bog and marsh.

Moreover, the Inupiat Eskimos who actually live on the coastal plain are not Rousseauian noble savages living the life Ted Kaczynski wanted us to live. They are very poor people living in ramshackle housing, and they overwhelmingly support oil development on the coastal plain—because they will get a cut. Environmentalists don't mention these indigenous people because they muddle the story line. They do, however, mention the Gwich'in people very frequently. The "capital" of the Gwich'in nation is Arctic Village (pop. 150), which just happens to be hundreds of miles away from the coastal plain on the other side of the Brooks mountain range. The Gwich'in are regularly trotted out at congressional hearings in Washington, wearing native garb they only occasionally put on back home. The Gwich'in insist that even *looking* for oil on the coastal plain—with non-intrusive seismic imaging—would be unacceptable.

We are constantly told that the Gwich'in, with their pre-modern attachment to nature, put a human face on the fight against "corporate greed." But before you write your check to "Save the Gwich'in" (use an Internet search engine, and you'll see how easy that is), you might be interested to know that the Gwich'in invited those same evil oil companies to

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look for oil on their own lands more than a decade ago. Indeed, ask an Inupiat Eskimo why the Gwich'in are blocking exploration and he won't tell you about the Gwich'in's rejection of postindustrial bourgeois consumerism; he'll tell you the Gwich'in are furious because they don't have any oil of their own, and playing the noble savage for guilty liberals is the most lucrative revenge available.

But the fact is, none of that matters. The only thing that matters to the Robert Redfords of the world is the idea—yes, the idea—that this place is "pristine." The appeal of ANWR to the average environmentalist is an entirely psychological one. If 0.0000001 percent of the Americans who fervently oppose exploration in ANWR ever actually visited this remote corner of the world over the course of a decade, it would constitute a tourism stampede. The fact is, environmentalists simply savor the *idea* that there is something untouched by grubby humanity out there. Indeed, if the oil companies could extract the oil in secret and keep this dream alive, everybody would be happy—including, probably, caribou.

This, of course, exposes the true place ANWR holds in the worldview of its voluptuaries: It's a religious icon, the Dome of the Rock of environmentalism. Indeed, among environmentalists, religious adjectives crowd out all others. ANWR's coastal plain is "holy," "sacred," "divine," and "hallowed," not merely by the Gwich'in (who don't actually live there), but by the journalists and activists who just like knowing it's there. Drilling is therefore not just "greedy," but also sacrilegious. It would not matter, environmentalists insist, if there were a trillion barrels of oil safely extractable with a corkscrew and a turkey baster. To them, drilling isn't bad policy; it's blasphemy.

Because passions so completely trump reason on this issue, ANWR becomes ripe as a wedge issue for opportunistic Democrats. For example, Sen. Joseph Lieberman says ANWR exploration "would cause irreversible damage to one of God's most awesome creations." This is irresponsible absurdity. Not only would the damage, in fact, be reversible; this area simply cannot hold a candle to God's most awesome creations. The *Post* (and the *New York Times*) had it right in the 1980s, when they supported exploration—with far more intrusive technology than today's—in this truly remote, bleak, and nigh-upon-inaccessible redoubt on the top of the world.

Of course, the activists cannot admit this, so they compare ANWR to places most people have actually been or plan on going to: Yosemite, the Everglades, and even the entirely man-made Central Park. This sort of distortion is rampant. "The simple fact is, drilling is inherently incompatible with wilderness," former president Jimmy Carter wrote in the *New York Times*. "The roar alone—of road-building, trucks, drilling, and generators—would pollute the wild music of the Arctic and be as out of place there as it would be in the heart of Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon." Never mind that all of that harmless noise pollution would occur in pitch darkness, drowned out by a 120-degree-below-zero wind chill. Even Jimmy Carter should know that music is like trees falling in the forest: It's only music if there's somebody there to hear it. **NR**

Deterrence, but Updated

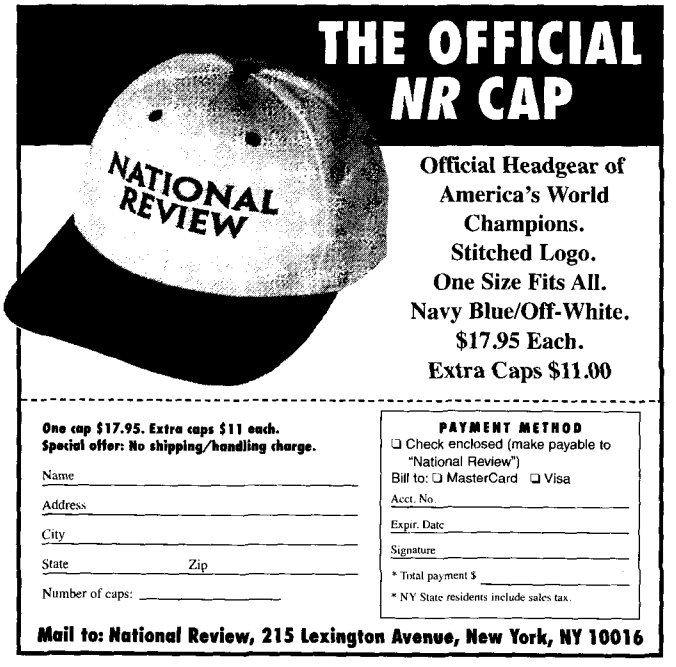
Where missile defense comes in—crucially

RICHARD LOWRY

THE U.S. nuclear deterrent worked for 40 years against the Soviets, so why won't it work now against lesser powers, armed with drastically fewer nuclear weapons than Moscow? Once the cruder, practical arguments against a U.S. missile defense are cleared away—it simply won't work, it's too expensive, etc.—the most sophisticated and best case against a defense hangs on this argument: Nuclear deterrence worked without a missile defense for decades, making a defense now at best superfluous, at worst a destabilizing force.

This argument has been made, in various forms, by Michael Kinsley, Thomas Friedman, Robert Wright, Christopher Hitchens, and a slew of Democratic politicians. Fancier than the average soundbite, it is the Belvedere vodka of anti-missile-defense arguments. But the case for nuclear deterrence made by these new, liberal Dr. Strangeloves is shot through with misunderstandings, beginning with the fundamental question of how—and how well—deterrence actually worked against the Soviets. Deterrence essentially involves convincing a state that the costs of a given action will be higher than any potential benefits. It is not nearly as easy as it looks, especially in the post–Cold War world.

A small circle of conservative defense strategists has in recent years updated Cold War deterrence theory, and perhaps foremost in this circle is Keith Payne, a scholar who runs



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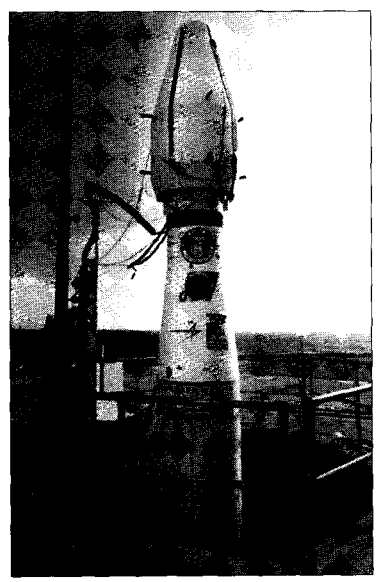
a small think tank called the National Institute for Public Policy. Payne has worked closely with defense analysts who now occupy the top levels of the Bush administration, and has written a new book—*The Fallacies of Cold War Deterrence and a New Direction*—that is an essential text for understanding the reasoning behind the administration's push for missile defense. (Asked whom to talk to about the current state of deterrence theory, one nuclear expert quipped, "If you talked to Keith Payne, you've talked to everyone.") Properly understood, deterrence is more subtle and less foolproof than the simplistic version advanced by Kinsley & Co., and certainly requires a missile defense to bolster it.

Opponents of missile defense misunderstand the purpose of the U.S. nuclear deterrent in the Cold War at the most basic level. As former CIA director Jim Woolsey has written in NR (June 19, 2000), the deterrent was never primarily to dissuade the Soviet Union from launching a city-busting, out-of-the-blue nuclear strike against America (although that was important). It was meant to deter a conventional attack against Western Europe. The West didn't have the conventional arms to oppose such an attack on the ground, so the United States always let the possibility of its first-use of nuclear weapons hang in the air, a not-so-subtle way to discourage the Soviets from rolling their armor across the Fulda Gap.

The problem for the U.S. in today's international environment is precisely that its deterrence policy *did* work in the Cold War. It demonstrated that a nuclear force can make the potential costs of war too high even for an adversary who possesses an overwhelming conventional advantage. Today, the Fulda Gap is much less important than simply The Gap, and it is the U.S. that may need to project an overwhelming conventional power, probably in the Middle East and Asia. The nuclear deterrence that worked against the Soviets can now readily be turned against the United States. Is America, as Keith Payne asks, willing to absorb greater costs—perhaps entire cities destroyed—than the Soviets? Unlikely. Will the stakes in a foreseeable crisis be higher for the U.S. than they were for the Soviets? Unlikely again, since the Soviet Union was contending over the fate of Europe, while the United States may be contending over the fate of Taiwan.



Reuters

A backstop for deterrence—the Exoatmospheric Kill Vehicle

Some missile-defense critics acknowledge that the U.S. will be deterred by new nuclear states. "The possession of nukes would probably give a dictator more leeway in world affairs, [and] great powers might be less inclined to confront such a dictator," wrote Robert Wright, a dogged opponent of missile defense, recently in *Slate*. This is precisely the effect that the United States has to fear in the post–Cold War world, and its massive nuclear force is powerless to counter it. In fact, the size and structure of the force probably never had quite the importance attributed to it. Arms-controllers during the Cold War obsessed over tiny adjustments in the U.S. and Soviet missile forces, and deterrence became mostly about number-crunching game theory—Gradgrind does nuclear weapons.

As Payne points out, this niggling over the specific mix of weapons was a luxury, possible only because the strategic situation with the Soviets was fairly stable. The Soviets were a revolutionary power, but generally showed little taste for provoking a major war and had a bureaucratic power structure and a decision-making process that we understood fairly well. So, deterrence theorists assumed away all the really nettlesome questions about the Soviets, about their goals, their ideology, their culture. Cold War theorists, Payne writes, "derived grand conclusions about deterrence based on the one factor that is *relatively* easily measured, i.e., the balance of nuclear forces." Not every U.S. adversary for all time will be as well understood, or as predictable.

Why, missile-defense critics counter, would Kim Jong Il be any less rational than Brezhnev? But rationality is not the point. Payne makes an important distinction between rationality and reasonableness. Rationality is a tool that allows someone to figure out how to maximize a certain value. Reasonableness involves his ultimate goals and system of values. Almost all leaders are rational. The mistake is to assume that therefore all leaders must accept Western premises and behave "reasonably"—in other words, the way we ourselves would behave. This fallacy is at the root of most understandings of deterrence. As the father of Cold War deterrence theory, Thomas Schelling, put it, "You can sit in your armchair and try to predict how people will behave by asking how you would behave if you had your wits about you. You get, free of charge, a lot of vicarious, empirical behavior."

Yes—lots of empirical evidence: about yourself. But foreign leaders can be as rational as Americans, while still being criminally unreasonable. Hitler, of course, from 1933 to 1939 calculated his way to several diplomatic victories over the West, in a monstrous cause. It also is possible—though missile-defense critics like to deny it—for an unreasonable leader to be willing to inflict terrible costs on his own country. In March 1945, Hitler gave his infamous Nero's orders, essentially calling for the destruction of Germany. After the first U.S. atomic attack on Hiroshima, the Japanese war minister said: "Would it not be wondrous for this whole nation to be destroyed like a beautiful flower?" During the Cuban missile crisis, according to a Soviet commander's later account, the Cubans "were ready for war. Maybe they believed so strongly, they were ready to sacrifice themselves. They would say, 'Cuba will perish, but socialism will win.'"

THE LIMITS OF LUCK

The Cuban missile crisis, Payne argues, demonstrates how close deterrence came to failing even against the Soviets. In a crisis, the communication that is so important to deterrence—to convey threats and establish thresholds—tends to break down. In 1962, the U.S. knew the proper channels through which to communicate with the Soviets, and had roughly 20 years of experience with them. But Washington

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still lacked crucial information, which nearly led to catastrophic errors. It did not know, for instance, that the local Russian commander in Cuba apparently had been predelegated to launch his missiles if attacked. So the option pushed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff—an air strike and invasion—probably would have unwittingly prompted a nuclear exchange. As Bob McNamara always says, "We lucked out." Here, then, is the ultimate backup to the sort of deterrence pushed by critics of missile defense: luck.

There is no reason to believe that luck will always hold, especially against culturally alien adversaries whom the U.S. doesn't understand as well as it did the Soviets. The U.S. knows, for instance, little or nothing about North Korea. In the recent EP-3 crisis, it didn't even know who was making decisions in China. And deterrence failed against Saddam Hussein prior to his invasion of Kuwait, partly because we didn't know how to deliver a message to him. Diplomat April Glaspie's overly subtle warning was taken as a modified go-ahead. "We foolishly did not realize he was stupid," said Glaspie afterwards. Well, get used to it—the world is full of folly and miscalculation.

Even if a deterrent is perfectly pitched to an adversary, there is no guarantee that it will work. As Payne argues, war sometimes has little to do with external factors like deterrence, but is instead driven by internal politics and assumptions that make it an imperative. Dean Acheson said in 1941: "No rational Japanese could believe an attack on us could result anything but disaster for his country." Maybe. But the Japanese felt that they only had two terrible choices: getting squeezed out of China by U.S. economic pressure, or undertaking a risky war. It's a dangerous mindset, but one hardly unheard of in international affairs. Stalin said to Mao, before China shocked the U.S. by entering the Korean War: "If a war [with the U.S.] is inevitable, then let it be waged now." If Taiwan were to declare independence, the current Chinese regime might well see that as a threat to the PRC's very survival, making any U.S. security guarantee to Taiwan seem well worth testing.

In light of all this, missile defense has a twofold role in a sound, up-to-date deterrence regime. The first is to help deter the anti-U.S. deterrent, by neutralizing the nukes of an adversary. Missile defense would represent a direct threat to a rogue state's power, by undermining its ability to intimidate the U.S. into inaction. Critics argue that blocking a rogue state's missiles would only prompt it to pursue other options, such as "suitcase bombs" sneaked into the U.S. But this is not so easy, given U.S. security precautions ("Did you pack that nuclear weapon yourself? Has it been in your possession at all times?"), and suitcases can't project power in a crisis quite the way missiles can (which is why there is a rush around the world to build ICBMs instead of luggage). The second purpose of a defense is to provide a backstop should deterrence fail, as it has many times in history, almost did in the Cold War, and inevitably will again.

Keith Payne laments that Cold War deterrence theory was built on a tautology: A rational leader will be deterred because if he's not deterred, he's irrational. Tautologies may be useful in the classroom, and also to clever op-ed writers, but ultimately U.S. national-security policy cannot depend on them. **NR**

The Curse of Euro-Nationalism

Why the U.S. should beware the EU

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Istanbul

THE ancient city of Constantinople, whose mosques and minarets look down on the Bosporus that divides Asia from Europe and links the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, might seem an odd place from which to contemplate the new phenomenon of Euro-nationalism. Yet its long history should remind us that how far authority extends may not be the best measure of its real power. As the capital of the sprawling multiethnic Ottoman Empire, Istanbul was in constant crisis as its rulers sought simultaneously to maintain control in its decaying provinces and to fend off hostile neighbors. As the leading commercial city of a Turkish nation-state confined to Anatolia and a toehold in Europe, it has been a source of strategic stability and forward defense for the Western alliance in a notoriously unstable and dangerous region.

The Turks today, however, themselves feel their stability threatened—and not by their immediate fractious neighbors but by their longtime NATO allies. The European Union's policy of creating its own defense organization—the so-called European Security and Defense Policy or ESDP—has made the Turks fearful of being second-class allies who could be called upon to fight but excluded from a share in command. Nor are these fears groundless. As currently envisaged, the ESDP would draw upon NATO resources to deal with crises from which NATO wishes to hold aloof, but only EU member-states would have a say in how these NATO resources were used. At a recent Istanbul conference on security in Eastern Europe and the Caucasus (organized by the Turkish ARI Foundation, Germany's Friedrich Naumann Foundation, and the New Atlantic Initiative), Turkish generals and diplomats pointed out the unreasonableness of such a division of labor when almost all of the potential "crises" identified by the EU strategists are in the immediate vicinity of Turkey (notably the Balkans)—and when Turkey, with the second largest army in Europe, would almost certainly be asked to contribute the lion's share of military resources.

Such a problem would not arise if Turkey were a member of the EU. But Turkey, though promised that its application for EU membership will be favorably considered in the next round of enlargement in 2004, is losing faith in that prospect. The EU's reluctance to admit Turkey—seeing it as not truly European—is too plain to ignore. In the meantime, its offer to allow Turkey a consultative role on how the EU might deploy Turkish troops in a local crisis was widely denounced in Istanbul as insultingly inadequate.

Usually, the Turks could rely on the U.S. to take their side in such a dispute—but the U.S. is supporting the EU's "compro-

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mise" offer. Turkey's ambassador to NATO, Onur Oymen, told Martin Sieff of UPI that in his view the U.S. was taking a more indulgent view of ESDP in deference to Britain's Tony Blair, on whom it relies to keep the project subordinate to NATO. If so, it is a dangerous calculation. For the ESDP risks driving Turkey into a much colder relationship with NATO and, just conceivably if EU hostility stirs Turkish public opinion sufficiently, away from its Western orientation into a closer identification with the Islamic world.

NATIONALISM IN DRAG

So what inspires apparently sane statesmen to make such a bad bargain? The very badness of the bargain should alert us to the fact that a strong emotional force is driving it; no calculation of mere interest would dictate such a deal. As always in politics, the first suspect in any lineup of emotions has to be nationalism—in this case, the Euro-nationalism of the EU, which seeks the ESDP not for any reason of military necessity or even strategy, but merely as the military expression of its burgeoning statehood. What has prevented people from seeing this more clearly is that this particular nationalist suspect is in drag.

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Euro-nationalists, who used to be coy about their superpower ambitions, now admit them frankly—but in a misleading context.

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Huey Long once said that if fascism ever came to America, it would be under the guise of an antifascist party. The EU has accomplished an analogous feat. The Euro-nationalists' proudest boast is that the EU is the embodiment of antinationalism, having overcome the shameful legacy of the lesser European nationalisms that were allegedly responsible for two world wars and that threaten the peace of the Balkans even today. As a result of its foundation in the mid 1950s, the EU has ensured that European nations like France and Germany will never go to war again; the U.S. should be grateful for this achievement since it means that American boys will never again be brought over to die in European civil wars. These arguments are advanced with such predictable regularity at Euro-American conferences that I have sometimes thought of putting them in rhyming form to the tune of "Over There."

Yet every single point in the list is either plainly false or highly questionable. To begin with, it is rather odd to describe as antinationalist a movement that claims that Europeans are a single people united by culture, whose manifest destiny is to form a single state with its own flag, currency, citizenship, foreign policy, armed forces, and government. All other movements with these aims are known as nationalist movements.

Nor is it true that the world wars were caused by nationalism. Half of the states involved in World War I, notably the ones that started it, were multinational empires (Austria-Hungary, Tsarist Russia). The best judgment of historians is that the war began as the result of Imperial Germany's militaristic ambitions in the context of rivalry between *states* of different kinds.

World War II provides an even more decisive refutation of the Euro-nationalist case, because it was caused by the colliding ambitions of two great *trans*national ideologies, both hostile to nationalism: Nazism with its belief in a racial hierarchy transcending nations and Communism with its belief in a class hierarchy transcending nations. Local nationalisms in Britain and occupied Europe provided some of the morale to resist these evil ideologies; whereas Euro-nationalism, insofar as it existed at the time, was explicitly cited by Nazis and their Vichy collaborators as justification for their strategic ambitions.

Finally, the EU is less the *cause* of the present peace in Western Europe than its *consequence*. Dates here are decisive. The European Coal and Steel Community (sometimes seen as the EU's precursor) was founded in 1951, two years after the foundation of NATO; the EU itself began life in 1957, two years after the admission of German troops into NATO. In other words, the French and Germans were military allies, jointly taking orders from American generals, before they even formed the EU. All of these things were possible because the U.S. was firmly planted in Europe as a military presence—as a result of which no European power feared its neighbors. The only event likely to drag American boys back to solve Europe's quarrels is a withdrawal of U.S. troops, perhaps because Congress feels the ESDP has removed the need for them, followed by the resurgence of old rivalries in a new Euro-context.

These historical questions are important because the EU, by presenting itself as an antidote to European nationalism rather than its most recent incarnation, has escaped the scrutiny that any such movement should properly receive. Yet there are some very dubious aspects to Euro-nationalism: notably that within Europe it has an ambiguous attitude towards democracy, and that outside Europe it is developing superpower ambitions that threaten to bring it into conflict with the U.S. Recently, for instance, Belgium's foreign minister advised the Austrians not to hold a referendum unless the government was certain it would produce a result favorable to the EU. And—referring to the recent Irish referendum on the Nice Treaty—he asked ominously: "Should one nation be able to stand in the way of the progress of Europe?" Admittedly, Euro-nationalists concede that the EU suffers from a "democratic deficit" not merely in the political attitudes revealed by the foreign minister's remark but also in the EU's political structures—for example, the fact the power to propose new European policies is in the hands of an unelected and largely unaccountable European Commission. Yet they seem to think that a simple acknowledgement will settle the matter. Reforms of the EU proposed from time to time barely touch these basic problems of democratic accountability.

GLOBAL AMBITIONS

It is, however, the EU's international ambitions that are of most interest to the U.S. The Euro-nationalists, who used to be coy about their superpower ambitions, now admit them frankly—but place them in a comforting context. They argue that unipolarity (i.e., the situation in which the U.S., with the assistance of multiple weaker allies, exercises a broad geopolitical dominance) is an unhealthy and unstable state of affairs; that it imposes excessive burdens on the U.S. as well as on others; and that it therefore requires some balancing from a united Europe. This argument is appealing to the progressive wing of

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the U.S. foreign-policy establishment, which is uncomfortable with America's geopolitical power and with some of the interests (e.g., opposition to Kyoto) that American power advances. Yet the Euro-nationalist argument for multipolarity is not only false—a situation in which several powers are competing for predominance is transparently less stable than one in which all recognize the superior strength of one—it is radically inconsistent with the Euro-nationalist argument that the several jostling nationalisms of 1914 caused World War I. If they took their own historical argument seriously, they would be compelled to endorse U.S. geopolitical dominance.

Some Euro-nationalists, seeing the force of this, argue for American complacency on the grounds that the EU will be America's loyal partner in upholding international order. Just such a claim was advanced at length in the *Washington Post* recently by Charles Grant in an article entitled "Euro-Muscle: The EU Is Emerging as a Superpower, and That's Good for the U.S., Too." Grant, director of the Centre for European Reform, is a skillful polemicist, but even he stretched one's credulity at times. He claimed, for instance, that "the most successful European foreign policy of all has been enlargement," because it has forced the former Communist satellites to reform their economies and to raise their "standards of democracy, civil society and human rights"; but in fact, the EU has yet to admit a single new member twelve years after the fall of the Berlin Wall. It is, of course, NATO enlargement—which the U.S. pushed strongly against European inertia—that fostered the reform movements in the post-Communist world. When it came to extending the zone of stability and prosperity in its own backyard, the EU was out to lunch.

The remainder of Grant's article was a series of assurances that the U.S. will feel a great deal better when it can no longer get its own way in international politics—or, indeed, at home. Thus, as he sees it, the U.S. has resisted including competition policy in trade talks on grounds of national sovereignty, but the EU's prohibition of the General Electric-Honeywell merger shows that "national or regional sovereignty in monopoly regulation is an outmoded concept." Similarly, the rise of the euro (presumably that is when the euro stops falling) "could restrict America's freedom to maneuver in certain circumstances" and "make it costlier for the United States to borrow the capital it needs to finance its massive current account deficit." And in general the U.S. "must recognize that unilateral actions on its part, without regard to what Europeans or others think, will not often be the best way to promote American interests and influence." That last tortured tautology hardly disguises the hint of menace in all these friendly observations.

FOR EUROPE—AND AGAINST AMERICA

What explains the menace, of course, is that any European superpower worthy of the name would inevitably develop its own interests—and these would inevitably clash at times with the interests of the U.S. Quite simply, that is how international politics operates, and no amount of talk about how the EU would be a new kind of superpower should disguise that reality.

In the case of the EU, the drift to a rival and perhaps hostile set of policies is made more likely by two other factors. The first is that much of the psychological drive for Euro-nationalism is provided by anti-Americanism. There are any number of quotations in which prominent Europeans say that hostility to the U.S. is the reason for European integration. The objection always raised to these quotations is that they are taken from unrepresentative French sources (e.g., the present French president, his predecessor, the present prime minister, etc.), but in fact these opinions are much more widely held. They have been expressed by such diverse figures as the left-wing Swedish prime minister, Goran Persson, who recently told the Gothenburg demonstrators that European unity was needed to counterbalance America's excessive power, and the conservative foreign-affairs spokesman of Germany's Christian Democrats, Karl Lammers, who repeatedly argues that American hegemony is a problem to which the answer is a more unified Europe.

The second factor is Europe's political culture, which—though it varies from country to country—is generally to the left of America's. It is more statist, more wedded to welfare, more respectful of international organizations, more devoted to arms control, and in general more bureaucratic and less democratic than is America.

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Recent European actions show a rampaging desire, rather than a reluctance born of necessity, to challenge the U.S.

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Such ideological divisions created relatively few problems for the alliance when it was composed of one superpower surrounded by 15 allies, since some allies—notably Britain—were politically closer to the U.S. than to their continental neighbors. The establishment of a Euro-Atlantic Union incorporating the EU and the U.S. would create fewer problems, because it would contain and reconcile differences of opinion between European social democracy and American capitalism in the ordinary course of political debate. By dividing the West into two approximately equal halves, however, we maximize the likelihood of conflict between the two sides of the Atlantic.

Hence the growing number of European complaints about American "unilateralism." When examined, these invariably boil down to the U.S. disagreeing with either an instinctive or a painfully achieved European consensus. Hence too the recent list of European actions that show a rampaging desire, rather than a reluctance born of necessity, to challenge the leading U.S. position in world politics. Among such actions: the recent EU delegation to North Korea after President Bush had suggested that America might take a harder line with the Stalinist rogue state; the quiet complicity in the plot to oust the U.S. from its seat on the U.N. Human Rights Commission in Geneva; and the EU's attempts to curb U.S. influence in Middle East politics on the grounds that it is insufficiently even-handed (i.e., too favorable to Israel).

What strikes one about these and other European initiatives is their complete irrelevance to any real-world European interest. They seem to have been undertaken solely in order to annoy Uncle Sam—the product not of a rival interest but of a sheer sense of rivalry itself. To be sure, there may still be close cooperation, based on common interest, between the EU and

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the U.S. on trade policy, but that hardly compensates for the EU's deliberate diplomatic challenges to the U.S.

Just how far might this rivalry go? Euro-nationalists tend to argue, soothingly, that the EU is a different kind of superpower whose domain is the "soft power" of international agreements rather than military hardware. The ESDP, on this theory, is a kind of glorified police force, to be used only in local emergencies and no rival to NATO. For the foreseeable future, that is probably correct. But the emotional force of Euro-nationalism in Europe's political elites, the desire to cut a dash on the world stage, the anti-American temptation, and the facts of history should not be underestimated. Europe is wealthy and technologically advanced enough to be able to build a major military force in a short time if necessary. And if the EU should continue to clash with the U.S. diplomatically, its leaders might well conclude at some stage that they can no longer rely on the U.S. (and thus NATO) to defend, for instance, their access to Middle Eastern or Central Asian oil. EU–U.S. rivalry would then ratchet up to a crucial stage—and both sides might then begin seeking allies in Asia rather than across the Atlantic. Russia, of course, is already seeking such an outcome.

For the moment, however, that is the political version of science fiction. Europe's international policy today is to create a world in which the EU rather than the U.S. reshapes international politics in its own image. In international environmental regulation, the EU is currently urging Japan and Russia to join with it in signing the Kyoto treaty on the grounds that there will then be enough signatures to make the treaty legally binding on the U.S. That is the not-so-innocent meaning of "soft power." Of course, it is—or ought to be—political fantasy to believe that the U.S. would be compelled by a treaty it never ratified to impose cuts in carbon emission levels that were rejected 95–0 by the U.S. Senate. It would outrage the U.S. Constitution, national sovereignty, and any notion of democratic governance—as Jeremy Rabkin of Cornell University has farsightedly warned. But it does not seem odd or outrageous to the EU—and it did not seem so to the former Eurocrat who advocated just such an idea at the Istanbul conference—because that is exactly how the EU operates internally. Politicians and bureaucrats agree on some new policies; they embody them in a treaty; and then, in the immortal words of the Belgian foreign minister, "Should one nation be able to stand in the way of the progress of Europe?"—even if that nation is the U.S?

Can anything be done? Quite a few things—but the first step is to recognize that Euro-nationalism is a gale blowing through Europe and that it will buffet the U.S. if no obstacle is placed in its way. As yet that recognition has not dawned on the U.S. government. Indeed, in mid July, Condoleezza Rice told the National Press Club in a prepared speech:

> The president . . . will also continue something else he started . . . doing away with years of mixed signals and ambivalent body language from Washington to make clear that the United States welcomes the European Union's efforts to forge a European Security Identity. The president made clear that we welcome this emerging identity so long as it is NATO-compatible and NATO-friendly. We are prepared to welcome the EU as a foreign-policy actor, if it is prepared to take on real responsibilities.

Tell that to the Marines—or to the Turks. **NR**

Witness and Friend

Remembering Whittaker Chambers on the centennial of his birth

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

***Editor's Note:** The White House convened a full house (140 guests) at the Executive Office Building on July 9, to recall Whittaker Chambers. Chambers's son was present and brought in to display the Medal of Freedom awarded posthumously to Chambers by President Reagan in 1984. Also displayed, borrowed from the Library of Congress, was a copy of a "pumpkin paper" on which the case against Alger Hiss turned. A bizarre feature of the memorial event was that the White House excluded the press, so that the event had an aspect of a memorial ceremony in the catacombs. The speakers were introduced by presidential assistant Tim Goeglein. They were William F. Buckley Jr., Sam Tanenhaus (author of* Whittaker Chambers: A Biography*), Robert Novak, and Ralph de Toledano (co-author of* Seeds of Treason: The True Story of the Hiss–Chambers Tragedy*, author of* Notes from the Underground: The Whittaker Chambers–Ralph de Toledano Letters*). Herewith WFB's speech, recalling a friendship with Mr. Chambers.*

We were to meet at the National Gallery here in Washington, and I had been waiting for him at the specified corner. I spotted him far down the corridor. It could only have been he, or Alfred Hitchcock. The Sunday before, he had asked me to come down that day, the 8th of June. We had lunch. He had asked me to keep the evening free. "You've guessed what's up, haven't you?" he asked, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I haven't the least idea."

"John!" he said proudly. His son would be married that afternoon, and I was to go to the wedding and the reception.

As he stepped into the elevator that evening, after the ceremony, I saw him framed by the door, his hand and Esther's clutched together, posing while his son-in-law popped a camera in his face—a grim reminder of all those flashbulbs ten years before. I never saw him again. He died a month later, on July 9, 1961, forty years ago, exactly. Free at last.

I FIRST met Chambers in 1954. An almost total silence had closed in on him. Two years earlier he had published *Witness*. When the preface of *Witness* appeared as a feature in *The Saturday Evening Post*, that issue of the magazine sold a startling half million extra copies on the newsstand. The book came out with a great flurry. The bitterness of the Hiss trial had not subsided. For some of the reviewers, Hiss's innocence had once been a fixed rational conviction, then blind faith; and now, after the publication of that overwhelming book, rank superstition.

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But the nature of the author was not grasped by the reviewers. *I am a heavy man,* Chambers once wrote me, apologizing for staying two days at my home. There is a sense in which that was true. But he never appreciated, as others could do, the true gaiety of his nature, the appeal of his mysterious humor, the instant communicability of an overwhelming personal tenderness; his friends—I think especially of Ralph de Toledano—took endless and articulate pleasure from his company.

Witness was off to a great start. But, surprisingly, it did not continue to sell in keeping with its spectacular send-off. The length of the book was forbidding; and the trial, in any case, was three years old, and the cold sweat had dried. Alger Hiss was in prison, and now the political furor centered about Senator McCarthy. Those who did not know the book, and who were not emotionally committed either to Chambers's guilt or to his innocence, seemed to shrink even from a vicarious involvement in the controversy, to a considerable extent because of the dark emanations that came from Chambers; depressing when reproduced, as was widely done, in bits and snatches torn from the narrative. "Until reading *Witness* it had been my impression," Hugh Kenner, the author and critic, had written me, "that his mind moved, or wallowed, in a setting of continuous apocalypse from which he derived gloomy satisfactions, of an immobilizing sort. The large scale of *Witness* makes things much clearer. It is surprisingly free from rhetoric, and it makes clear the genuine magnitude of the action which was his life; a Sophoclean tragedy in slow motion, years not hours."

©Bettmann/Corbis
'A Sophoclean tragedy in slow motion'

IN 1954 I asked if I might visit him. He had written to a long-standing friend, Henry Regnery, the publisher of my book on Senator McCarthy, to praise the book while making clear his critical differences with its subject. Chambers had been struck down by a heart attack and it was vaguely known that he spent his days in and out of a sickbed, from which the likelihood was that he would never again emerge physically whole. I had every reason to believe that I would be visiting Jeremiah lying alongside a beckoning tomb.

I was taken to his bedroom. The doctor had forbidden him even to raise his head. And yet he seemed the liveliest man I had ever met. I could not imagine such good humor from a very sick man, let alone anyone possessed by the conviction that night was closing in all over the world, privately tortured by his continuing fear that the forces aligned against him would contrive to reorder history, impose upon the world the ghastly lie that he had testified falsely against Alger Hiss, and so erase his witness, his expiation for more than ten years' complicity with Communism.

We did not, of course, speak of Hiss, nor did we for several months; though later he spoke of him, and of the case, with candor. But we talked about everything else, and I left Westminster later than I should have, hustled anxiously to the door by a wife who knew she was helpless absolutely to enforce the doctor's rules.

As he began to recover he was, for a period, greatly renewed by a physical and spiritual energy that were dialectically at odds with his organic ill health and his intellectual commitment to the futility of all meliorative action in the Cold War. I talked with him about the magazine I proposed to publish and asked whether he would join the staff. To my astonishment the answer was yes—he would consider doing just that. We corresponded through the summer. He was to make up his mind definitely during the fall, after we visited again. I made the mistake in one of my letters of expressing exorbitant hopes for the role *National Review* might play in political affairs. He dashed them down in a paragraph unmatched in the literature of supine gloom, sentences that President Reagan, who was in awe of their eloquence, and defiant of their fatalism, publicly recalled more than once. *It is idle,* he rebuked me, *to talk about preventing the wreck of Western civilization. It is already a wreck from within. That is why we can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth.*

The tokens of hope and truth were not to be preserved, he seemed to be saying, in a journal of opinion, not to be preserved by writers or thinkers. Only by activists, and I was to know that he considered a publication—the right kind of publication—not a word, but a deed. In the final analysis it was action, not belletrism, that moved him most deeply.

And so in time I came to understand why in 1932 he resigned as editor of the Communist *New Masses,* where he had earned an international reputation as a writer, to go scurrying about the streets of Washington, Baltimore, and New York, carrying pocketfuls of negatives and secret phone numbers and invisible ink. *One of the great failures of* Witness, he wrote me, *is that there was no time or place to describe the influences, other than immediate historical influences, that brought me to Communism. I came to Communism . . . above all under the influence of the Narodniki. They have been deliberately forgotten, but, in those days, Lenin urged us to revere the Narodniki—"those who went with bomb or revolver against this or that individual monster." Unlike most Western Communists, who became Communists under the influence of the Social Democrats, I remained under the spiritual influence of the Narodniki long after I became a Marxist. In fact, I never threw it off. I never have. And, of course, it was that revolutionary quality* [in me] *that bemused Alger—mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*

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Activism. From the Narodniki to the Republican Party, in one defection.

But now he would stay on at his farm, and worry from his sickbed.

He had a great deal to worry about. His broken health and near penury enhanced an insubordinate restlessness. *I do not even have the capital to farm halfheartedly*, he wrote me, *and I cannot, as in the past, make good the capital by my own labor power. This inability to work is perhaps the greatest burr in my mind. It torments me since, among other disabilities, I have no talent for being a country gentleman.*

He reached the low point of his spirits as he sweated in philosophical bedrock, gathering his thoughts: *I have been splashing about in my private pool of ice water.* In another letter, *I have ceased to understand why I must go on living.* In still another, *The year was, for me, a long walk through the valley. No one but me will ever know how close I came to staying in it.*

Did he isolate the trouble? Yes. *It had to do with my inability to fix the meaning of the current period of existence in some communicable way. I knew the fault lay in me. So that, all the while I was trying to write, I was simply trying to grow.*

©Bettmann/Corbis

'All Puritan about work'

But the weeks went by. Eisenhower ran and was reelected. Nixon was safely vice president. Six months later Chambers wrote to say he was ready to sign up with *National Review*. Having made the decision, he was elated. After five years of isolation and introspection, he was like a painter who had recovered his eyesight. He felt the need to practice his art. How many things he wanted to write about, and immediately! Mushrooms, for one thing. Albert Camus. What a lot of things needed to be said instantly about *The Myth of Sisyphus*! Milovan Djilas's *New Class* was just out, and most of the critics, he said, had missed the whole point.

But what he wrote about first was the farmers. He anticipated a gradual end to their independence. *Perhaps* [in the future, the socialized farmer] *will not be able . . . to find or frame an answer* [to why he lost his freedom]. *Perhaps he will not need to. For perhaps the memory of those men and women* [who fought socialism] *will surprise him, as with an unfamiliar but arresting sound—the sound of spring-heads, long dried up and silent in a fierce drought, suddenly burst out and rushing freely to the sea. It may remind him of a continuity that outlives all lives, fears, perplexities, contriving, hopes, defeats; so that he is moved to reach down and touch again for strength, as if he were its first discoverer, the changeless thing—the undeluding, undenying earth.*

Chambers decided in the summer of 1958 to come up to New York every fortnight and spend two days in the office with his colleagues, writing editorials and features for the magazine. He would arrive on the train from Baltimore at noon and come directly to the editorial lunch, always out of breath, perspiring in his city clothes. He liked his little cubicle at *National Review* which, five minutes after he entered it, smelled like a pipe-tobacco factory. He puffed away devotedly, grinding out memorable editorials and paragraphs.

Yet anyone meeting Chambers casually, without preconception, would judge him an amusing and easily amused man. The bottomless gravity seldom suggested itself. He was not merely a man of wit, but also a man of humor, and even of fun. Often, in his letters, even through his orotund gloom, the pixie would surface. (*Would that we could live in the world of the fauves,* he wrote me at Christmas, *where the planes are disjointed only on canvas, instead of a world where the wild beasts are real and the disjointures threaten to bury us.*)

On Tuesday nights we worked late, and four or five of us would go to dinner. By then he was physically exhausted. But he wanted to come with us, and we would eat at whatever restaurant, and he would talk hungrily (and eat hungrily), talk about everything that interested him, which was literally everything in this world, and not in this world. He talked often around a subject, swooping in to make a quick point, withdrawing, relaxing, laughing, listening—he listened superbly, though even as a listener he was a potent force.

The next morning, press day, he was at his desk at eight, and, for lunch, a sandwich. At five he was on the train back to Baltimore, where his wife would meet him. On reaching his farm he would drop on his bed from fatigue. Three months after coming to New York, he collapsed from another heart attack. But in the summer of 1959 he felt well enough to indulge a dream, more particularly his gentle wife's dream, to visit Europe. We drove them to the airport after a happy day. I noticed worriedly how heavily he perspired and how nervously his heavy thumbs shuffled through the bureaucratic paraphernalia of modern travel, as he dug up, in turn, passports, baggage tags, vaccination certificates, and airplane tickets. His plans were vague, but at the heart of them was a visit to his old friend, Arthur Koestler.

They were at Koestler's eyrie in Austria for a week.

Alpach, where AK lives, is some four hundred meters higher into the hills than Innsbruck, he wrote me. *So there we sat, and talked, not merely about the daily experiences of our lives. Each of the two men with us had tried to kill himself and failed; Greta Buber-Neumann was certainly the most hardy and astonishing of the three. Then we realized that, of our particular breed, the old activists, we are almost the only survivors. . . .*

They went on to Rome (*In Rome, I had to ask Esther for the nitroglycerine. Since then, I've been living on the stuff . . .*). And then Venice (*I came back to Venice chiefly to rest. If it were not for my children, I should try to spend the rest of my life here*). Berlin (*I feel as though I had some kind of moral compulsion to go at this time . . .*). Paris ("You will look up Malraux?" I wrote him—I remembered the gratitude Chambers felt on receiving a handwritten note from Malraux with his judgment of

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Witness: "You have not come back from hell with empty hands.")

But he took sick again and, abruptly, they flew back; again he was in bed. He wanted now to resign from *National Review*. It was partly that his poor health and his unconquerable perfectionism kept him from producing a flow of copy large enough to satisfy his conscience. Partly it was his *Weltanschauung*, which was constantly in motion. He resisted *National Review*'s schematic conservatism, even its schematic anti-Communism. *You . . . stand within, or at any rate are elaborating, a political orthodoxy*, his letter explained. *I stand within no political orthodoxy. . . . I am at heart a counter-revolutionist. You mean to be conservative, and I know no one who seems to me to have a better right to the term. I am not a conservative. I am a man of the Right. I shall vote the straight Republican ticket for as long as I live.*

And, always looking within the Marxist world for amplification, he found it. *You see, I am an Orgbureau man. But if the Republican Party cannot get some grip of the actual world we live in and from it generalize and actively promote a program that means something to the masses of people—why somebody else will. Then there will be nothing to argue. The voters will simply vote Republicans into singularity. The Republican Party will become like one of those dark little shops which apparently never sell anything. If, for any reason, you go in, you find at the back an old man, fingering for his own pleasure some oddments of cloth. Nobody wants to buy them, which is fine because the old man is not really interested in selling. He just likes to hold and to feel. . . .*

He had made up his mind to do something else. He enrolled at Western Maryland College as an undergraduate.

He had quit *National Review*, he had failed to complete the book that Random House had been expecting for six years. He did not want to sit at home, half crippled and denied the life he would, I think, have liked most to lead, the life of a dawn-to-dusk farmer. Whittaker Chambers was all Puritan about work. Idleness was incomprehensible to him. But there was another reason for going back to school. In Europe, Koestler had said to him sharply: "You cannot understand what is going on in the world unless you understand science deeply." Very well, then, he would learn science.

He threw himself into his work. Science courses galore. For relaxation, Greek, Latin, and advanced French composition. Every morning he drove to school and sat among the farmers' sons of western Maryland, taking notes, dissecting frogs, reciting Greek paradigms, working tangled problems in physics. Home, and immediately to the basement to do his homework. Everything else was put aside.

He signed up for the summer session but in the interstice between terms he drove north to see his daughter, Ellen. En route he spent a day with us on a hot afternoon. How do you get on, my wife asked, with your fellow undergraduates? "Fine," he said, puffing on his pipe. In fact, we learned, he had an admirer. A young lady—aged about nineteen, he guessed—shared with him the allocated carcasses of small animals, which the two of them, in tandem, proceeded to disembowel. He had written to me about her. *For months while we worked together she addressed me not a word, and I was afraid my great age had frightened her. But last week she broke silence. She said breathlessly: "Mr. Chambers?" "Yes," I answered her anxiously. "Tell me, what do you think of 'Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka-dot Bikini'?"* He recalled the question now with laughter. He hadn't, at the critical moment, any idea that the young lady was talking about a popular song, but he had improvised successfully until he could deduce what she was talking about, and then confided to his co-vivisectionist that it just happened that this was one of his very favorite songs. Her excitement was indescribable. From that moment on they chirped together as soulmates, pooling their knowledge of spleens and livers, kidneys and upper intestines.

I imagine that he was a very quiet student, giving his teachers no cause whatever for the uneasiness they might have expected to feel in the presence of so august a mind. During examination weeks he was in a constant state of high boil. He slaved for his grades and achieved them, even in the alien field of science; all A's, or A minuses; once, as I remember, a humiliating B plus. After the spring term his fatigue was total, overwhelming. *Weariness, Bill*, he wrote in the last letter I had from him, a few days before John's wedding, *you cannot yet know literally what it means. I wish no time would come when you do know, but the balance of experience is against it. One day, long hence, you will know true weariness and will say: "That was it." My own life of late has been full of such realizations.*

He learned science, and killed himself. Those were the two things, toward the end, for which he strived.

"WHY on earth doesn't your father answer the phone?" I asked his daughter Ellen in Connecticut on Saturday afternoon, the 8th of July. "Because," she said with a laugh, shyly, "Poppa and the phone company are having a little tiff, and the phone is disconnected. They wanted him to trim one of his favorite trees to take the strain off the telephone line, and he put them off. So . . . they turned off the phone." I wired him: WHEN YOU COME TO TERMS WITH THE PHONE COMPANY GIVE ME A RING. But he didn't call. The following Tuesday when I walked into my office the phone was ringing. I took the call standing in front of my desk. It was John Chambers. He gave me the news. A heart attack. The final heart attack. Cremation in total privacy. His mother was in the hospital. The news would go to the press later that afternoon. I mumbled the usual things, hung up the telephone, sat down, and wept.

He had written me once, *American men, who weep in droves in movie houses, over the woes of lovestruck shop girls, hold that weeping in men is unmanly. I have found most men in whom there was depth of experience, or capacity for compassion, singularly apt to tears. How can it be otherwise? One looks and sees: and it would be a kind of impotence to be incapable of, or to grudge, the comment of tears, even while you struggle against it. I am immune to soap opera. But I cannot listen for any length of time to the speaking voice of Kirsten Flagstad, for example, without being done in by that magnificence of tone that seems to speak from the center of sorrow, even from the center of the earth.*

For me, and others who knew him, his voice had been like Kirsten Flagstad's, magnificent in tone, speaking to our time from the center of sorrow, from the center of the earth. **NR**

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

From the Congressional Mailbag

Dear Congressman Condit:

Can I call you Gary? I'd like to. And I insist that you call me Barbara.

You know, so many times, a person just wants to tell his story. A person in trouble or in pain just wants to know he is going to be heard.

I hear you, Gary. And about 17 million people can hear you, too, on "20/20" this Friday. We'll bump Stossel and give you the whole hour, if you like.

Hoping to hear from you,
Barbara Walters

P.S.: How not-okay are you with the idea of a live lie-detector exam? Just a thought for the big second-half-hour "moment."

My Dear Congressman Condit:

Do not believe, sir, for a moment, that though you are—from the looks of it—a white man, and though you are at the very pinnacle of power, the jaws of the machine will not tear you, as they say, a "new one."

I write to you as one who has worked, tirelessly, to represent those who cannot represent themselves. And what an irony, sir, that you who are by trade a "representative" should need legal representation.

Luckily, sir, this is what I do. And I do it very, very well. I am available to you, on an hourly fee basis, immediately. In addition to representing you on CNN, Fox News, CNBC, and the Sunday morning talk shows, I can also—for an additional charge—represent you in a court of law. For a small surcharge, I or someone on my staff can also conduct a legal defense, should that need arise.

As you know, according to current campaign finance laws, your campaign "war chest" is available for use for any "political purpose" or "political communication." My staff and I are expert at conducting a defense that can be construed as "political" and therefore payable as a campaign expense. So set your mind at ease on the "Can I afford Johnnie Cochran?" question. The question is not, "Can I afford Johnnie Cochran?" The question, sir, is, "Can I afford NOT to have Johnnie Cochran?"

I await your answer.

Yours,
Johnnie Cochran, Esq.

Dear Congressman Condit:

As you know by now, the media pundits with their distortions of reality and the way they twist a thing to mean whatever it is they want it to mean, I mean, I had absolutely one-hundred-percent nothing to do with the death of my ex-wife, or her boyfriend—and you can say what you want, a guy goes to a lady's house to return her glasses, that guy is her boyfriend, I'm telling you, and I know ladies, okay? I mean, I KNOW ladies. That guy standing there in his waiter's uniform and her glasses and he's like, "Who are you?," that guy is her BOYFRIEND, okay?

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah. Let me just say that, brother, I've been where you are, I've sat in your chair, and, hey, I've walked a mile in your shoes. Well, not YOUR shoes, of course. I tend to wear a pretty specific kind of shoe myself, but I think you know what I mean.

They'll say stuff about you, just gossip and innuendo and all like that, and it'll be tough for a while, but, basically, in the end, it all kind of blows over and you can go back to playing golf (or whatever you do to relax) and just kind of put it all behind you and move on. And you'll feel a lot of love from the people, let me tell you. (And the ladies, man, you'll be swimming in them!)

This is just a short letter from me to you to let you know that SOMEBODY out there understands what you're going through. That's sort of what I do these days—I write folks and show my support. That and search for the real killer. Hey, it fills up the days when I can't get a tee time.

Your friend,
The Juice

Gary:

I just want to reach out to you, for a moment, to tell you how sorry I am about your recent intern trouble.

Man, could I sing a few bars of that tune. Of course, the situation with me was pretty different—MY intern was still out and about, buying ice cream in Georgetown and writing books—but the whole "What do you say to your wife?" thing: hey, that was my story in a nutshell.

Do you know any African-American clergymen? They come in real handy for the whole forgiveness/healing thing, and then later, on Election Day, you've got a built-in get-out-the-vote movement. So it's kind of a twofer.

Also: Don't see you much with the little lady. (Your wife, I mean, not . . . well, you know.) Got to get out there with the missus, man. Got to get some hand-holding and arm-around-the-shoulder pics in the paper.

I don't have your record handy, but isn't there some way you can spin this whole thing as political? Along the lines of: "I spoke out against [whatever] and now the powerful interest groups are going after my family." It works, man.

Anyway, just wanted you to know I was thinking about you. I mean, whooo! Interns, huh? Can't live with 'em, can't live . . . well, you know the rest.

All the best,
Bill Clinton

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The National Review 2001

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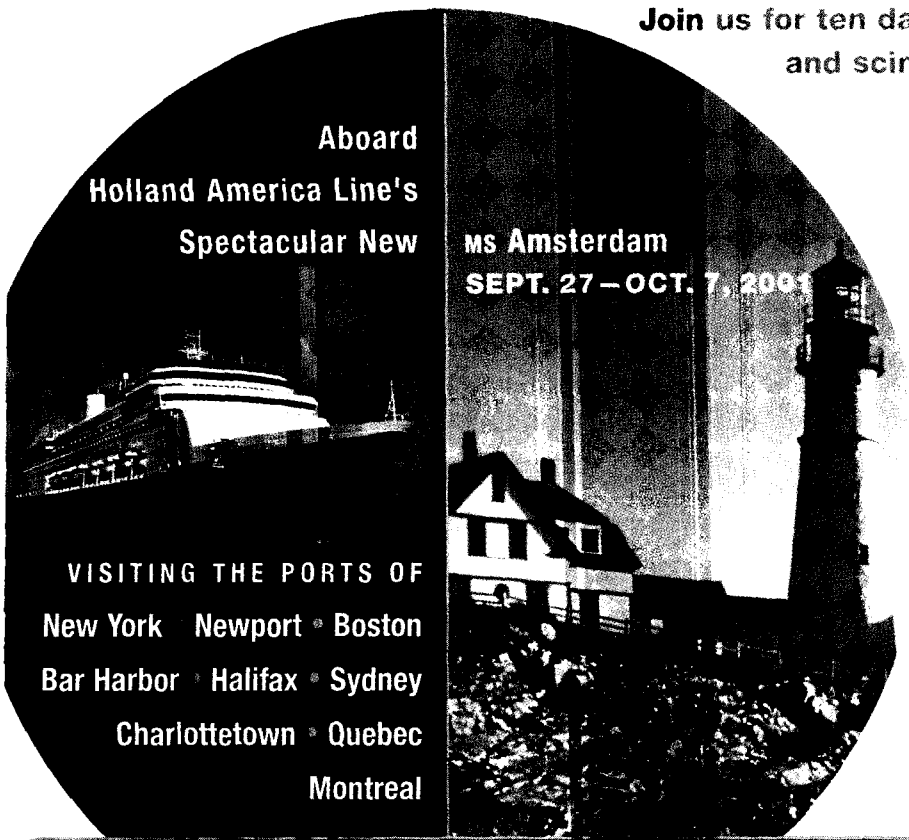

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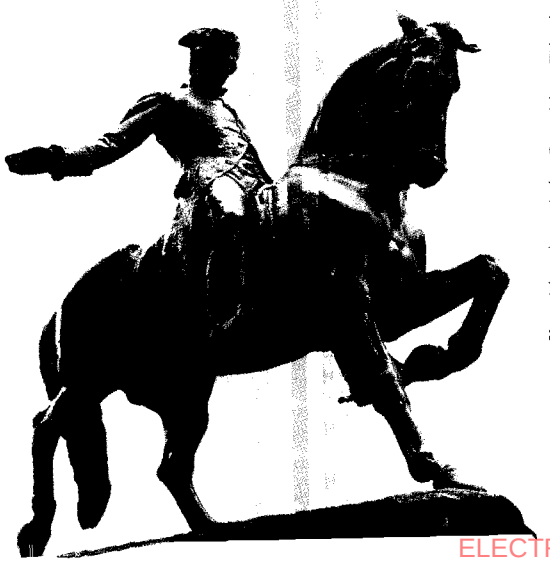

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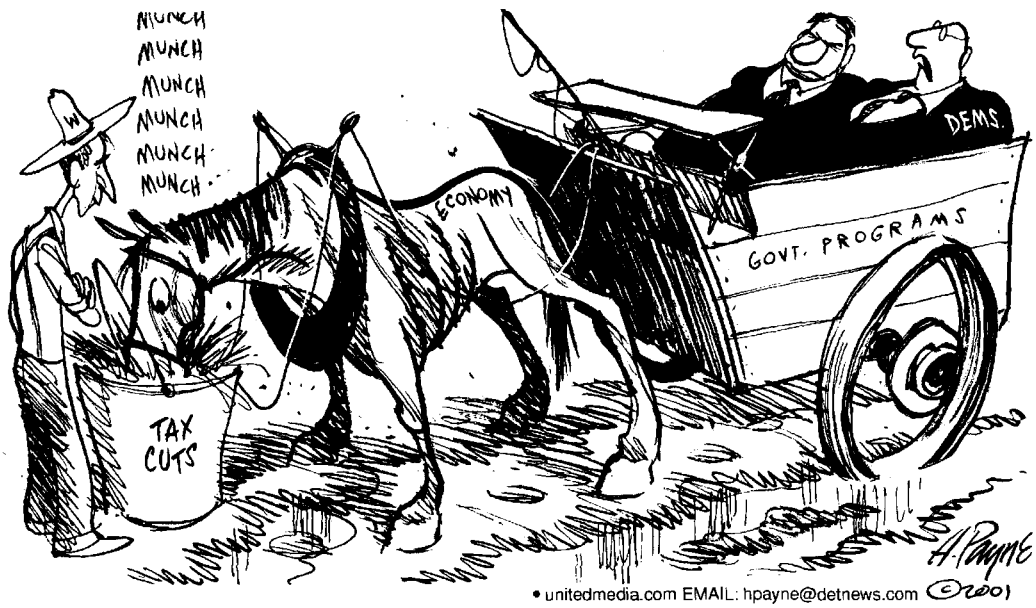

"WHY'S THE MORON SPENDING THE SURPLUS ON HAY FOR THAT SICKLY G!★# HORSE WHEN HE COULD BE BUYING A BIGGER CART FOR US?!"

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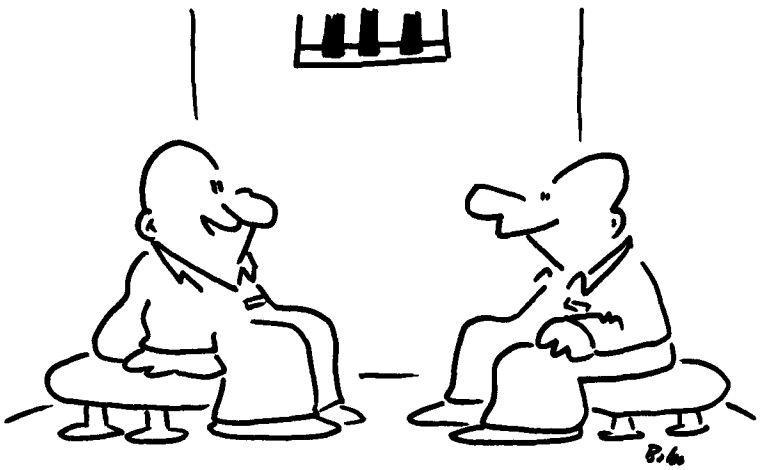
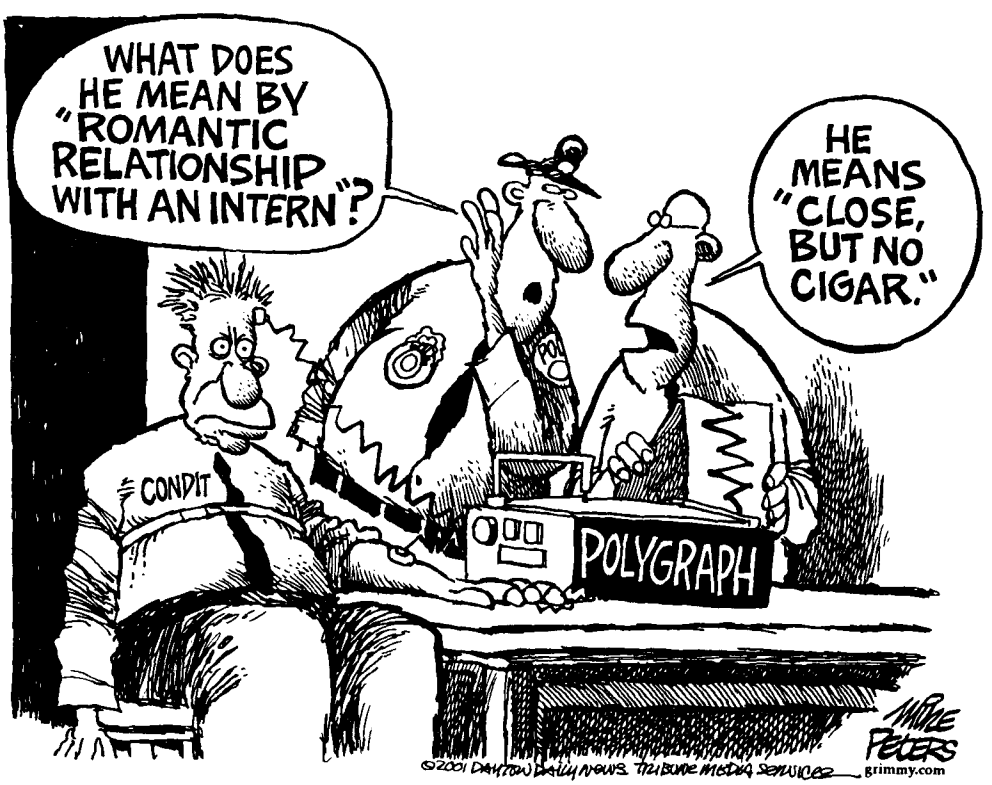


"Why, thanks—you look innocent when you're asleep, too."

Rescinding Clinton

In Yellowstone, where snowmobiles
Begot protesting cries and squeals
Among environmentalists,
Suggesting hemorrhoidal cysts,
The rude will once again roar down
A virgin slope; while back in town
Free-market bears roused from a cave
Peer into cars and misbehave.

—W. H. von Dreele


WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY "ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH AN INTERN"?
HE MEANS "CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR."
CONDIT
POLYGRAPH
MIKE PEERS
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Profiles in Solipsism

JACOB HEILBRUNN

Washington, by Meg Greenfield (Public Affairs, 272 pp., $26)

The Columnist, by Jeffrey Frank (Simon & Schuster, 240 pp., $22)

WASHINGTON, D.C., may not be a bookish city, but it has inspired an unusual number of books. This literary output comes in several genres. One is the memoir of the journalist who recounts the capital city's golden age, which happens to coincide with his own years there. The tone is one of high seriousness about the nation's affairs, coupled with lamentation about the decline of manners, mores, and statesmanship. It could be David Brinkley describing the rise of Washington after the Second World War in *Washington Goes to War*, or Joseph Alsop, in *I've Seen the Best of It*, complaining that the world he knew had "gone by the boards." Such books often provide a window into the psyche of the Washington writer, a conflicted creature who is attracted to power but seeks to maintain the appearance of moral and intellectual distance from it.

A rather more colorful genre is that of the Washington novel, which began in 1880 with Henry Adams's *Democracy*, a send-up of the Grant administration. The main character is a rich widow named Madeleine Lee. Despairing of New York and Boston, made up respectively of hatchet-faced stockbrokers and dilettantish academics, Lee moves to Washington, hoping to find there pillars of intellect and courage. She quickly discovers that the capital is a beehive

Mr. Heilbrunn is a member of the *Los Angeles Times* editorial board.

By Roman Genn

of gossip and intrigue, while the president himself is the pawn of a powerful senator. Since Adams's day, writers from Allen Drury to Gore Vidal, Ward Just, and Michael Lind have depicted the corruption and hypocrisy of Washington. For Washington's worthies, these novels afford the pleasure of having their importance affirmed and create a pleasant parlor game of guessing who is who. For the rest of us, they offer a more accurate portrait of the city than is usually to be found in memoirs.

Meg Greenfield and Jeffrey Frank are the latest entrants in this crowded field. Greenfield's memoir recounts her tenure as editor of the *Washington Post*'s editorial page. A Pulitzer Prize winner, Greenfield, who died in 1999, relished her reputation as a tough cookie who had made it to the top in a man's world. Frank, who has worked at both the *Post* and the *Washington Star* and is now a senior editor at *The New Yorker*, has written a comic novel drawing extensively on his experiences in Washington.

For anyone seeking to understand the values of our nation's capital, Greenfield's book is required reading. Greenfield chronicles her unlikely rise from studious child in Seattle, where her parents, by her account, inculcated her with austere values, to Washington powerbroker. Some of her most interesting passages are about her first job at an influential Cold War fortnightly called *The Reporter*, published by a brilliantly eccentric Italian émigré named Max Ascoli, who terminated the magazine out of disgust at Lyndon Johnson's hesitation over Vietnam. But the bulk of Greenfield's book is about the culture of Washington, by which she means its habits of deceit, pomposity, and knavery. Seldom has a more acidulous portrait of the city been drawn by one of its preeminent members.

According to Greenfield, Washington resembles a high school where the students never grow up. Its inhabitants display all the worst traits of teenagers—self-absorption and pettiness, together with a pecking order that rests on political power. "This population of long-term squatters is attuned to its own purposes, answers to its own code, administers its own rewards and punishments, and has its own distinctive conception of what constitutes winning and losing." The fundamental problem with Washington, we are told, is that it produces phonies: Journalists and politicians "eagerly dehumanize themselves," constructing a public self that does violence to the "genuine person" beneath.

Unfortunately, Greenfield names no names and provides no specific examples. Whom does she have in mind? Who were Washington's biggest phonies? We are never told. Nor does she consider that the behavior she condemns may simply be careerism, which is scarcely unique to Washington. The backstabbing and preening she criticizes

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can be found in any sphere, whether the corporate world, Hollywood, or academia. There is something a little parochial about Greenfield's complaints; an uncharitable critic might even say that they're rather Inside the Beltway.

While her apparent assumption is that she herself has somehow managed to remain detached from the Washington scene, her book offers an unwitting portrait of the true Washingtonian, who repudiates the city's shallowness and hypocrisy while ascending the escalator of success. Disappointment with the city is itself a form of egotism: a dexterous attempt to separate oneself from the indecorous town that has made one's career. Given that Greenfield's posthumous memoir features a foreword by Katharine Graham and an afterword by historian and television personality Michael Beschloss, doubts can hardly be suppressed about her virginal status.

It is thus with a sense of relief that one turns to Jeffrey Frank's sly novel. Frank doesn't merely enjoy showing the seamy side of Washington; he revels in it. Set in the 1960s, *The Columnist* is a dazzling hat trick: a parody of the Washington novel, the Washington memoir, and Washingtonians in general. In journalist Brandon Sladder, Frank has created a composite character apparently based on Sidney Blumenthal, George F. Will, and Joseph Kraft. Unlike Greenfield, Frank never harrumphs about high politics, but has his eye firmly set on the interstices of power. He pricks the balloon of the insider's self-regard by writing in the orotund tones of a complacent columnist, recounting his rise from humble origins as the son of an insurance salesman in Buffalo to influential print and television pundit.

Sladder begins by confiding that he got the idea of writing a memoir from George Bush the Elder, whom he encountered at the home of "a wise Cabinet officer." Driving from the party to a television studio, Sladder found himself "haunted by the former President's suggestion that I could add considerably more than a footnote to the chronicle of our time."

Certainly Sladder has much to recount. His journalistic career amounts to a one-man wrecking job, beginning in the early 1960s with his hometown paper, the *Buffalo Vindicator*. Eager to score a big story, Sladder claimed that arson accounted for a series of mysterious fires. To support his theory he relied on confidential insurance records stolen from his father's office; as a result, his father's clients dumped him and dear Dad ended up as a supermarket bagger. "To this day," Sladder reflects, "I believe that we had an implicit understanding, but I can also see that I might have misread him and might have misjudged the reaction of his former clients."

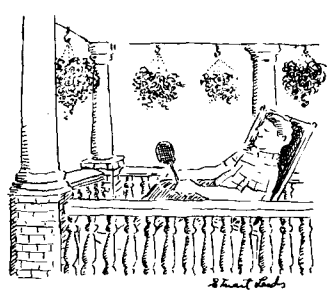
■

The true Washingtonian repudiates the city's shallowness while ascending the escalator of success.

■

Sladder next persuades his girlfriend, who works as an assistant to Buffalo's most important congressman, to hand over sensitive documents. "One must," he notes, "be able to relate in a human way to men and women of lesser ability and diminished circumstance." But only as long as they are useful: After receiving the papers, he jilts her.

What more hospitable environment could Sladder find than Washington? Through the good offices of a friendly prostitute who services the powerful, Sladder spends an evening with Defense Deputy Secretary X at his Georgetown home. "He shared insights of immense value and importance with me (which enabled me to write with some authority), and I treasured him at once as a new champion."



More importantly, X introduces him to Tobias Goldenstein, publisher of a magazine called *New Terrain*, which is plainly based on *The New Republic*. The main supporting character is Lionel Heftihed, modeled on *New Republic* literary editor Leon Wieseltier. Sladder dislikes Heftihed for what he sees as his intellectual pretentiousness; mostly he resents him for stealing his wife.

Sladder writes the obligatory essays for *New Terrain* about civil rights, JFK, Vietnam. But his true aim is to cultivate his social betters. He enjoys a brief romance with Goldenstein's daughter, but high society, not the company of Jews, is his goal. Having established his name at *New Terrain*, Sladder has a kind of coming-out party at the home of Georgetown hostess Madeleine Whitbridge, who greets him as "Jack Kennedy's civil rights adviser." Sladder responds, "If only he'd listen." "You'll do, young man, you'll do!" says Whitbridge, gripping his arm tigerishly.

Sladder's most important conquest is Gretchen Furlong, a socialite whose family owns a large horse farm in Virginia. Soon, Sladder has purchased his own jodhpurs, boots, tennis racket, and "an overnight bag made of buttery leather." He ingratiates himself with the Furlongs and finally makes Gretchen his wife. The higher Sladder climbs, however, the more things go tragically awry. At *New Terrain* he writes an article defending the FBI's civil-rights record, which prompts the owners, a left-wing couple once investigated by the Bureau, to shutter the magazine. Moving to a newspaper that resembles the defunct *Washington Star*, Sladder becomes a columnist and celebrity. But Heftihed steals his wife, the newspaper collapses, a new and much younger wife cheats on him with his best friend, Senator Bob Hudnut, and even his own daughter takes up with the senator in a climactic final scene that—but no, it's better not to go there.

For all its raciness, Frank's novel would hardly have shocked Henry Adams. Notwithstanding the conventions of the memoir, the real Washington hasn't declined or even changed since Adams's day; it has remained pretty much the same, attracting smug, conniving social climbers. The stage set may be different, but Washington's habits and customs are not. Where Greenfield's book remains solidly within the tortured confines of the genre, Frank's fictitious memoir pulls back the drapery, exposing Washington's amoral emptiness. It's an impressive achievement. **NR**

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The Other Washington

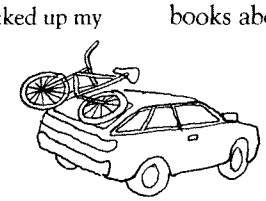
MARK GAUVREAU JUDGE

EVERY few years, a politician or journalist publishes a novel or memoir that is declared to be a penetrating work about "the real Washington." This "real Washington" usually consists of capital-city clichés: power, money, scandal, narcissism, and rampaging egos. Whenever I get sick of this fare, I always reread Julian Mazor's *Washington and Baltimore*. Though out of print for many years, it is still the best book ever written about the *real* Washington: the place where people live in rowhouses, go to diners and jazz clubs, and couldn't identify Kay Graham in a lineup; the place where my grandfather, a baseball player for the Washington Senators, raised a family, including my late father, who worked as an editor for *National Geographic* and found himself on Capitol Hill maybe three times in his life.

Washington and Baltimore is an obscure collection of short stories by Mazor, a native Washingtonian who wrote fiction for *The New Yorker* in the 1960s and still lives in Washington today. Published in 1968 by Knopf, it is a subtle and moving collection of stories about baseball players, troubled kids, and race relations in a city with a black majority.

The finest entry here, called simply "Washington," tells the story of John Lionel, a white, 23-year-old salesman who has just been fired from his job in New York. On the train home to Washington, he eats a bad tuna sandwich, gets violently ill, and is forced to get off the bus in a Negro neighborhood. My guess is that the neighborhood is Shaw, an historically black part of town near Union Station. Here John meets an ex-boxer named Ringo, a store owner named Billy, a large, imposing man named Tracy, and a woman named Ruby who all nurse him back to health. I never forgot the scene where John, feeling better, gets his bus to head home:

> "Look, if you ever sick again," Ringo said, "you come back and see us."
>
> "Aw, shut up, Ringo," Ruby said. "He don't have to be sick to come back and see us. Right?" She put her arm around my shoulder as I shook hands with Ringo. "He talk like we is some kind of hospital or something," she said.
>
> "Aw, Ruby, you take everything I say and twist it," Ringo said. "Look, John, don't mind nothing I done."
>
> I told Ringo he hadn't done anything.
>
> "You lucky he ain't had more time," Billy said. "He can do some things."
>
> I shook hands with Billy and thanked him for everything. Then Tracy stuck out his big hand. "So long, John," he said. "It been nice knowing you."
>
> The bus was coming down the street rather slowly, because of the fog.
>
> When it pulled in, I picked up my suitcase and said goodbye again.
>
> "Goodbye, honey!" Ruby yelled. "Take it easy."
>
> Billy gave a serious little wave, and as I stepped into the bus, Ringo yelled, "I hope the bus break down!" and Ruby hit him on the head with her pocketbook. I heard Ringo say that he had said it for luck, and Ruby told him that she had also hit him for luck. I went to the back of the bus and waved to them from the rear window, and the fog closed in and covered them, and I couldn't see them anymore.



Modern readers may balk at Mazor's realistic depiction of these working-class black characters, but theirs is the voice of the propagandist who substitutes racial uplift for the reality that is, or should be, the goal of the novelist. There is such a thing as black English, just as there are unique cadences to the speech of Irish Americans. The amazing thing about "Washington," aside from its subtle prose, is that Mazor allows his characters to be fully human. John is no racist, nor is he a hyper-conscientious forward-thinker. Feeling too sick to stand, he tells Ringo when they meet to "get the hell away" from him. The blacks whom John meets are not, as is often the case today, either numb with rage or resplendent with the sanctified glow of liberal piety. (It's odd how books and films from pre-Enlightenment America—statements like the Sidney Poitier/Rod Steiger classic *In the Heat of the Night*—depict black Americans as much more fully human and therefore prone to flaws than do the thought police of today.) Ringo the boxer is funny, yes, but also a bit dumb and more than a little threatening. The black characters bicker with one another, and at one point Ruby and Billy get a big laugh recounting how Ringo was fired from a job.

The story was published more than 30 years ago, but it firmly holds its relevance—unlike the many ephemeral books about How Washington Really Works. "Mazor is a gentle, kind, and honorable man," wrote reviewer Robert Coles in 1968, "and his stories unashamedly convey life's ironies and ambiguities. . . . Apparently it is still possible for a writer to shun himself, shun all sorts of tricks and stunts and ruses, work hard and delicately with his characters, and speak warmly, softly and suggestively."

Warmly, softly, and suggestively: not exactly the blurb you'd see on any recent books about Washington. But then, those books are more about the bubbles containing the *Washington Post* and the Capitol than about a place where people like Ruby, Billy, and Julian Mazor live. **NR**

Mr. Judge is the author of *If It Ain't Got That Swing: The Rebirth of Grown-up Culture.*

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A Tale of Two Fishes

MICHAEL POTEMRA

How Milton Works, by Stanley Fish (Harvard, 616 pp., $35)

TRUMPETED by its publisher as the author's "magnum opus" and "the definitive statement on Milton for our time," *How Milton Works* raises both very high and very low expectations. Literary scholars, remembering that it was Stanley Fish's 1967 book on Milton, *Surprised by Sin*, that catapulted him to the top of his profession, will expect a brilliant and sensitive exposition of Milton's works. Culture warriors, aware of Fish's prominence as a guru of postmodern subjectivism, will expect a tendentious reading of Milton in the service of the trendy ideologies that have done so much to subvert the life of the mind in recent years.

Happily—and sadly—the book satisfies both expectations. When Fish engages in close reading of the text, he does an excellent job of burrowing out nuances of thought and style in an illuminating way. He helps us read the poems as only a great critic can. But—and this is a problem throughout—he imports far too much of his own ideology into Milton, which makes the book frustrating for those whose chief interest is Milton and not Fish.

It's clear that Fish understands both Milton himself and how his poetry "works." His explication of one passage in *Paradise Lost* will serve as an example. In Book V (lines 658–665), Satan has just seen the Son of God honored in Heaven—and Satan has "thought himself impair'd."

> [Look at] the pointed ambiguity of "thought himself impair'd." On the one hand, this has the obvious meaning that in Satan's view he has been impaired—made less than he was—by the honoring of the Son; but it also bears the even more pertinent meaning that, in so thinking, he has impaired himself: i.e., he thought himself into a state of impairment by thinking himself impaired; he made himself less by his thoughts.

Satan has created his new reality by thinking it into existence. It's a sharp observation, and such examples of Fish's acuity could be multiplied at length. This example also illustrates Fish's intention to show how Milton works "from the inside out." "The priority of the inside over the outside," Fish writes, "is thematized obsessively in Milton's prose and poetry. . . . Truth and certainty are achieved not by moving from evidence gathered in discrete bits to general conclusions, but by putting in place general conclusions [inside the mind] in the light of which evidence [outside the mind] will then appear." First comes faith, then understanding. This is a traditional Christian concept, and Fish demonstrates how important it is in Milton's works.

■

The book is frustrating for those whose chief interest is John Milton and not Stanley Fish.

■

But Fish takes the idea much further, turning it into an assertion not just of the radical uncertainty of all knowledge, but of faith itself as a form of mere willfulness. Uncertainty is a reality of life, facing anyone who wants to profess any religion with the need to make a "leap of faith." As Fish characterizes it, however, the act of faith is not like a man leaping into the dark—an act of blind trust—but like a man slamming his fist on a table: I declare that this is true, and now all the evidence will appear in the light of my declaration. Fish quotes one of God's speeches in *Paradise Lost*—"But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine" (III, 134)—and glosses it as follows: "It will shine, however, only if you believe in it—if by affirming God's nature, by conceiving well of him, you think yourself into a state of nonimpairment, and into a world everywhere informed by the grace that is answerable to your faith."

God's mercy will shine only if you believe in it. This is a good illustration of just how frustrating Fish's book can be. If one adds the words "on you" between the words "shine" and "only," the passage becomes an expression of a rather conventional sort of piety: God will be merciful to you if you believe in Him, a sentiment Milton himself would probably have approved. As it stands, however, the statement makes a much more radical claim: Your belief will bring God's mercy into existence; it will determine God's reality. This is the theological equivalent of a stage performance of *Peter Pan*, in which the audience is typically called upon to revive Tinker Bell by clapping.

Fish would leave an unsuspecting reader with the impression that Milton was a postmodernist *avant la lettre*. Early in the book, Fish defines modernity as a world in which knowledge is attainable only through "the most rigorous and *impersonal* methods" (his italics)—modern science. Postmodernity, therefore, could be a spiritually fulfilling attempt to transcend the impersonal. But the postmodern—as Fish conceives it and projects it back onto Milton—looks distinctly like a triumph of the will-to-power, not a subjection of the will in faith.

A good critic can surely be forgiven occasional flights of shaky philosophizing; hearing out a man's expression of his worldview is a small price to pay if he's also giving us memorable insights into great works of literature. But there comes a point at which the sheer volume of digression, self-indulgence, and academic faddishness threatens to submerge our innocent pleasure; this book reaches, and surpasses, that point. Fish says, for example, that Milton's work displays a Freudian death wish and castration anxiety. Elsewhere he describes the relationship between Samson and God in *Samson Agonistes* as "the ultimate form of male bonding." The book contains far too much of this, and it's more annoying coming from a critic of Fish's caliber than it would be from the standard lit-crit professor.

Amusingly, on the issue of misogyny, Fish the brilliant Miltonist undercuts Fish the trendy theorist. In *Paradise Lost*, Sin is personified as a woman; "nor is [this] an accident," says theorist Fish, because Milton writes in the long tradi-

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tion of those who see woman as second, subordinate, and a threat to man. But a couple of hundred pages earlier, Miltonist Fish wrote,

> . . . in a universe where, as it is so often said in [*Paradise Lost*], God is "All in All," gender . . . rather than being a constitutive and basic fact, is an anomaly, or at best an illusion . . . Finally all creatures play in the presence of the Almighty. Gender difference is like the vagaries of the starry spheres as they move in mystical dance; it is more apparent than real, allowed to emerge only so that the unifying power of a monistic deity can be repeatedly reaffirmed.

If gender difference is anomalous in Milton's universe, and men and women alike find their dignity and destiny in the love of God, then the Milton on display in these great poems is no misogynist. The reification of gender differences is something we can find in today's academy and this morning's op-ed pages; Miltonist Fish knows they are not to be found in *Paradise Lost*, even if theorist Fish harbors the dark suspicion that they are lurking beneath the surface of that poem.

Fish's discussion of gender issues is a microcosm of the book as a whole: When Fish reads Milton, he enlightens the reader; when he reads *into* Milton, he distracts and frustrates. Cut this book roughly in half, rearrange it as a series of close readings of Milton, and it well might be "the definitive statement on Milton for our time." As it stands, it offers the best and worst of a great postmodern mind: We have been offered two Fishes, and it amounts to half a loaf. **NR**

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■ **ARCHITECTURE** ■

JP2 Off-Center

CATESBY LEIGH

I RECENTLY spent a few hours at the new Pope John Paul II Cultural Center, located near Catholic University and the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. At the center's opening in March, President Bush declared that it "stands for the dignity of the human person, the value of every life, and the splendor of truth."

And yet the transcendent significance of which the president spoke did not seem to jibe with the design concept outlined shortly before the opening by Edwin Schlossberg, who concocted the center's permanent multimedia exhibits. "What we did is really similar in function to a cathedral, where the stories were told in the windows and the carvings," Schlossberg told the *New York Times*. "Only there, the ideas were fixed. We've made a kind of collaborative cathedral."

A Gothic cathedral embodies the authority of revealed truth through the medium of a great artistic tradition, telling the story of salvation while evoking the majesty of God's creation. Its intricate spires and pinnacles rise toward the heavens like trees, while the tendril-like ribbing of the lofty interior vaults suggests a sublime forest canopy. Cavernous portals are encrusted with statues of saints and Biblical scenes; inside, vast spaces draped in shadow convey a sense of infinite mystery, punctuated by the brilliant polychromy of stained glass. Only the construction and decoration of such great monuments to the faith are "collaborative" matters.

Alas, apparently convinced that the timelessness epitomized by the cathedrals of old is out of reach, the designers of the JP2 (as the center is informally known) strove for timeliness. The result is $65 million worth of postmodern gimmickry.

Architecturally, the center doesn't remotely resemble a cathedral. Its awkward chevron-shaped roof is perched on struts and sheathed in greenish patinated copper, while a large cylindrical volume that includes the main entrance bulges at one end. The building, a friend suggested, would make a dandy airport terminal. A 75-foot gilded cross is affixed at the building's far end, piercing the chevron roof. The cross's placement, like so much else about this curious structure, seems perfectly random and arbitrary.

■

The John Paul II center is $65 million worth of postmodern gimmickry.

■

The JP2's interior includes a top-floor "intercultural forum" for scholars, as well as familiar museum amenities such as gift shops and a café. The Pope himself is honored with an entry-level gallery that includes mementos of his life as priest, prelate, and pontiff. This level also features a Gallery of Mary, which includes a metal scaffold covered with printed images and text depicting a half-dozen cults of the Virgin. Nearby, a "World Family Mural" is mounted on screens in a great arc along the gallery. The life-size photographs show Catholics from around the world, just standing there in front of a camera.

Long, gently tilted ramps lead up from the entry level to the temporary exhibit space on the second floor, where artifacts from the Vatican collections are displayed, and down to the main portion of the permanent exhibits. On the way down, there are series of bronze casts of people's hands—taken, again, from Catholics all over the world—starting with the Pope's. The casts are accompanied by inspirational quotations and a sign that says, "Please feel free to touch the hands." This installation, like others at the JP2, reflects the

Mr. Leigh writes about architecture and fine art, and lives in Washington, D.C.

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contemporary Christian penchant for lowering the faith's emotional horizons to the level of the maudlin sentimentality infusing the secular culture. It was almost encouraging to observe the insouciance with which a noisy band of schoolchildren ran their hands along the casts while dashing down the ramps.

One exits the ramps into a lower lobby that is a model of spatial disorientation, with a curving wall veering off to one side, and a tilted wall sloping down on the other. A short, claustrophobic corridor leads you into the large space containing five Schlossberg-designed galleries. The abiding impression of this space is one of clutter. You look up to an industrial tangle of dropped ceilings, exposed systems, track lighting, and hemispherical plastic canopies with speakers inside. Suspended photographic and artistic images hang all around, and at eye level a plethora of video screens flash. It's like a Nobody Beats the Wiz designed by Frank Gehry.

The Gallery of Church and Papal History serves as the spine, with the four other galleries—labeled Faith, Imagination, Community, and Wonder—arranged on either side. The galleries offer a variety of printed, videotaped, and computerized documentary materials. Timelines are everywhere, with the longest relating all the papacies to world events. The narrative mentions the less glorious or more contentious aspects of papal history, acknowledging, for example, the "corruption and excess" of Renaissance popes, the "abuses" of the Spanish Inquisition, and allegations that Pius XII "was not explicit enough in condemning Nazi atrocities."

Computer terminals allow the visitor to "experience the Bible in a new way" by hearing Scripture read to the accompaniment of multimedia montages and music ranging from Baroque chorale to New Age tribal percussion. One may study world religions on the Web, explore Catholic doctrine, and research opportunities for community service. There are also stations where the visitor can record a testimonial of his own faith, hope for the future, or enthusiasm for community service as video, audio, text, or (in the case of children) drawing. Videotaped testimonials run continuously, and screens display texts and drawings as well.

All too often the JP2's displays seemed a parody of watered-down religion—quite literally so in the Gallery of Faith, which offers a fountain whose descending rings of dark stones have words inscribed on them. By placing your hand or an unattached stone anywhere in the fountain, the instructions say, "you can affect the flow of water and reveal the words of faith." In fact, I could read the whole tiresome panoply—"noble," "heart," "celebration," "dignity," "blessed," "tolerance," "diversity," "creativity," and so on—without lifting a finger.

The Gallery of Community offers as its centerpiece a circular arrangement of four wooden benches attached to ugly concrete blocks. Between the blocks, inscriptions on the carpet ask, "What connects you to a community?" The benches were empty, restoring my faith in humanity.

But the Gallery of Imagination takes the cake. It boasts a "creativity wall," a big, wide video screen across which a series of images floated, including a long green insect, the façade of Gaudí's Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona, Mantegna's *Agony in the Garden*, a group of Mongolian tribesmen, cars jamming a huge expressway—all accompanied by a percussive beat. Words such as "help," "hope," "wish," "care," "dream," and "drive" made fleeting appearances.

I sat down at one of six computer terminals. The idea was that I would use it to make a "collage," which I'd add to the wall display. "Today's word is TIME," I was informed. The images appearing on my screen included two black youths, a heraldic shield, the phrase "my rock and my salvation," a Torah scroll, and a sprig with leaves and berries. "Combine words and images that mean 'time' to you," I was instructed. Unfortunately, I was absolutely paralyzed with astonishment. Before I knew it, TIME was up.

I probably would not have fared any better in composing a stained-glass window at another interactive installation, though I'm sure many people will enjoy doing so. Nor do I doubt that children will have fun making collages at the gallery's worktable, which is generously equipped with paper, crayons, glue, etc., and attended by a staff member. And I did manage to hear a chimed version of "Amazing Grace"

THOMAS EAKINS

In his untrammeled eye nothing unfocused,
undefined.
The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art tossed
him out for being a poor teacher. Immoral.
Live nudes. The Philadelphia morticians stared
horrified. Yet his scullers still glide, pensively
bent on the brown Schuylkill.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

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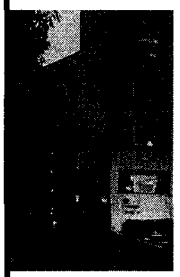

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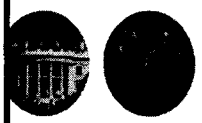

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while pulling a rope hanging from the ceiling at the electronic "Ring the Bells!" installation.

The JP2's biographical film about the incumbent pontiff was impressive, not least because it forthrightly addresses such sensitive matters as the Catholic Church's relations with Jews and the dissatisfaction of some American Catholics with the Pope's orthodoxy. And the videotaped reflections of two Jesuit astronomers on the role faith plays in their science were inspiring. Nowhere, however, does this "collaborative cathedral" evoke the majesty and awe that one associates with a real cathedral.

Nor have I ever encountered a more cacophonous assemblage of building materials than at the JP2. Interior walls variously finished in limestone, skin-coat plaster, polished deep green granite, and patinated copper are jarringly juxtaposed; then come the ugly acoustic ceiling panels, the graceless concrete posts, the transparent curtain-wall glass panels alternating gratuitously with opaque sandblasted glass, and so on. Though the chevron roof, entrance cylinder, and sloping lower-lobby wall are components of an architectural pastiche culled from the oeuvre of the modernist pioneer Le Corbusier, the postmodern infatuation with fragmentation and randomness is everywhere evident.

Amidst all the clutter, the subtle bodily thrill that skillfully designed architectural spaces induce is never felt. The visitor is treated instead to Schlossberg's ephemeral high-tech farrago, with its video screens and two-dimensional art reproductions. The secular culture's flattened multimedia world finds expression in the documentary triviality and lack of artistic depth in the permanent installations and, indeed, in the shallowness of the JP2's overall emotional and spiritual impact.

Few buildings demonstrate so perfectly the havoc wrought by the Catholic Church's rejection of traditional architecture and decoration, which remain indispensable to the effective symbolization of Christian belief, in favor of dehumanized agglomerations. It is more than a little ironic that the center is named for a man who has dedicated his life to the proposition that timeless truths are still available to us. **NR**

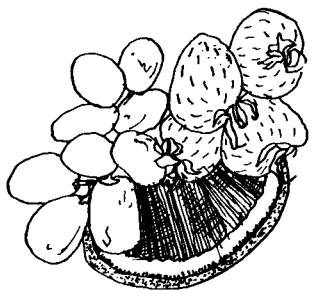
■ FILM ■

Gwen & Eddie's Last Hurrah

JOHN SIMON

One reason European films can be more artistic than Hollywood ones is that the filmmakers are not indentured to the studio. There are no directives from the front office to clean up your act or change your ending. Two of the films discussed here had to submit either to market research or to the Disney people's caving in to censure from Washington.

In the case of ***America's Sweethearts***, a test audience's voting for a comic rather than romantic ending makes scant difference to a film whose romance is without fire, whose satire is without bite, and whose comedy is without wit. Julia Roberts is Kiki, the formerly overweight frump, now 60 pounds lighter and seductive, secretary to her movie-star sister Gwen (Catherine Zeta-Jones), who, with her husband and steady costar, Eddie (John Cusack), has made a series of romantic comedies earning them the sobriquet America's Sweethearts.



Already the Billy Crystal-Peter Tolan screenplay rings false: The days of such syrupy appellations are long gone, even assuming that star couples could stay married long enough for a series. Gwen starts an affair with a hot Hispanic lover, Hector; Eddie, driving past, sees them dining together behind a restaurant's picture window. He revs up, and we get in rapid succession: plate-glass breakage, marriage breakup, and his nervous breakdown. Eddie is now in a New Age sanatorium run by a bearded "Wellness Guide" (Alan Arkin) who spouts inane maxims he himself does not understand.

The last Gwen & Eddie movie is about to be released, and Dave Kingman (Stanley Tucci), the panicky studio head, desperately needs a hit. He rehires his just-fired star publicist, Lee (Billy Crystal), to cajole the couple back together long enough for a weekend press junket at a fancy hotel in the Nevada desert, where the media hounds will see not only the film but also America's seemingly reunited Sweethearts.

The hot Latin lover pronounces "junket" as "hunket," thereby eliciting the film's biggest laugh. As Hector, Hank Azaria manages to be funny for a bit, but how long can you run on empty? By the time Eddie is on the hotel roof contemplating suicide, Azaria must shout "Jump!" rather than "Hump!"—showing that the movie lacks consistency no less than courage.

The film-within-a-film is helicoptered in by its hippie-genius director, Hal Weidmann (Christopher Walken, with shoulder-length tresses). To make this supposed masterpiece, called "Time over Time," into a putative joke, it has to be so much more ludicrous than *America's Sweethearts* as to be moronic rather than funny—which, I must admit, did not prevent my fellow previewers from laughing.

Eddie and Kiki begin to fall in love, which awakens the divorce-bound but jealous Gwen's interest in Eddie, and ignites the combustible Hector. The ensuing imbroglio is as old as—if not the hills, certainly the Nevada desert, and may leave you with a taste of sand in the mouth. Having given away the biggest laugh, I may as well throw in the second-biggest: a ferociously snarling Doberman that elicits frantic Crystal one-liners, even though it merely wants to glue its snout to Crystal's crotch.

Joe Roth, better known as a dubious producer, directs this movie with no particular distinction: a screwball comedy with its screw loose and ball dropped. Julia Roberts (when at normal weight) and Catherine Zeta-Jones somehow

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squeeze out a little appeal; the men merely whip up commotion posturing as comedy. The cinematographer, Phedon Papamichael, pulls off one closeup practically up Miss Roberts's nose, which is a mistake, the lovely actress's nostrils being among her weaker points.

■ Intended as a realistic look at high-school romance, ***Crazy/Beautiful*** was softened into something only a little thornier than the usual teenage pap, even if the novice director, John Stockwell, sneaked in some semi-explicit sex and a mosquito bite's worth of generational conflict. It is the old story of the spoiled, promiscuous heiress falling for the decent, highly motivated working-class youth from what, when tracks still existed, was called their wrong side.

■

Was the director trying to make a blue movie at any cost?

■

In this case, she is Nicole, the daughter of Congressman Tom Oakley, and he is Carlos Nuñez, son of Mexican immigrants, who must get up at dawn to walk and ride the bus two hours to Pacific High School—where Nicole mostly plays hooky, and Carlos is on the football team and hopes to qualify for Annapolis and become a Navy pilot. Carlos is smart and a bit (sweetly) naïve; he met Nicole on the beach where she was collecting trash as a community-service punishment for drunken driving. She is defying her respectable WASP father, who has remarried after her beloved mother died, and whose much younger trophy wife has no love for Nicole.

In films of this sort, much depends on the good looks of the young leads. Jay Hernandez is properly handsome, but Kirsten Dunst, though a good actress, has—like so many child stars—grown up plain. Taryn Manning, who plays her sidekick, Maddy, is unbalancingly more fetching. And the movie ends in a cop-out gigantic enough for ten normal-sized ones.

It would have been interesting to see *Crazy/Beautiful* before Disney Procrusteanized it into the PG-13 format; the director shows signs of talent. But why is everything so blue in this movie? And I don't mean the obviously blue night scenes, but all those daylight ones mysteriously tinged with blue. Was John Stockwell so frustrated by censorship that he tried to make a blue movie at any cost?

■ Not much need be said about ***The Score***, a heist movie in which the crazily hypertrophic technology of the caper almost completely usurps the human element. Robert De Niro plays a successful Montreal jazz-club owner, quite well-heeled, and with a sleek stewardess girlfriend (Angela Bassett), who loves him and can hardly wait for him to quit the international jewelry-robbing business he seems to practice almost as an avocation. But his partner (Marlon Brando), a hedonist in hock to the Canadian equivalent of the Mafia, eggs him on to one more supercaper, with the assistance of Jack (Edward Norton), an obviously unhinged young man. To be stolen is an historic gold scepter—worth $30 million—stashed away deep inside the Montreal custom house.

Computers, blueprints, and incredible electronic and other gizmos are required for the heist, and the technology is so elucubratedly complex as to be exhausting to follow. The film is full of holes, though none bigger than its characters, about whom it is impossible to care. In a good caper movie—*Rififi*, *The Asphalt Jungle*, *Topkapi*, *Sexy Beast*—you worry about the job's success or failure, the characters' life or death; here, the dramatis personae might as well be holograms.

De Niro blinks his way through the movie, understandably unhappy to have been awakened to it. Brando, a beached whale wheezing and sputtering his way through his lines, at least gets to wear some expensive, though inevitably ill-fitting, clothes. Norton has some demented fun playing a hyperactive psycho posing as a contorted, shambling retardate, and Angela Bassett gets away with minimal involvement in a near-subliminal role. At 123 minutes, *The Score* is 0–0 after what feels like three minutes of play and two hours' overtime. **NR**

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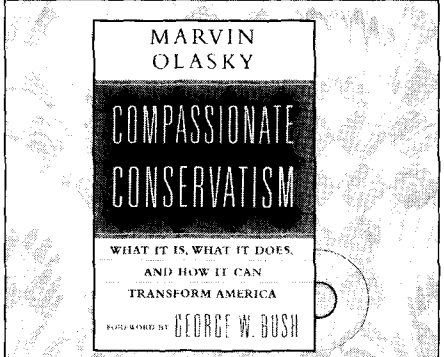

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■ CITY DESK ■

Judgment Days

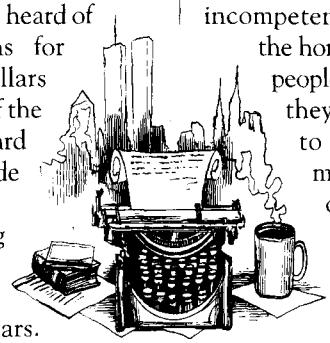
RICHARD BROOKHISER

AMERICA is a land of amateur lawyers, entertained by sensational investigations, from O.J. to JonBenet, and by televised legal mummers, from Judge Judy to Greta Van Susteren. But of all the jurisdictions in the United States, the County of New York, or Manhattan, has the most legally sophisticated citizens, because of the judicial system's insatiable appetite for jurors. New Yorkers hurt and defraud one another in huge numbers, the police haul in seines of perps, and the defendants must be tried. The result is that anyone with a public existence—a voter, a taxpayer, a driver—comes to the attention of the system and gets called for jury duty.

In 24 years of living in Manhattan I have been called for regular jury service four times. I assumed that my place of employment would disqualify me easily—what defense lawyer would want a law-and-order pundit judging his client? But New York lawyers cannot afford to slice it so fine. They must save their challenges for potential jurors who are even more grossly inclined to bias—relatives of cops, of criminals, or of crime victims (I remember one woman who announced in the voir dire that she had both a brother who was a cop and a brother who had been recently murdered). Every time I have been called to serve, I have been picked for a jury. This month I hit the jackpot: grand-jury duty. For four weeks, five days a week, I spent half a day at the hub of the city's legal system. New York's court buildings march north from Foley Square. They are imposing structures, neoclassical or *style moderne*, with murals of the Founders and Hammurabi, or hortatory slogans about the importance of justice on their walls and lintels. The grand-jury room had a more modest dignity. The 23 grand jurors sat in raked, curved rows, too small for the U.N., more suited to the Congress of Vienna.

The line that everyone knows about grand juries is that a district attorney can get one to indict a ham sandwich. Before my service began, I researched the Anglo-Norman history of the institution, hoping to find more extensive powers. Once in harness, perhaps we could investigate black helicopters, or whether Vince Foster would be alive today if only he'd had a gun. In the event we whinnied and shied a few times, but mostly ran our prescribed course, alongside the attorneys, the police, the victims, and the criminals. In the legal system everyone is a traditionalist.

We heard of deadly weapons and dangerous instruments—boxcutters, crowbars, chairs, cars. We heard of sharpies running scams for many thousands of dollars and bums swiping stuff off the shelves of stores. We heard monosyllabic Morse code testimony—a short grunt means yes, a long grunt means no—and the elaborate monologues of giddy guest stars. We saw squirted crocodile tears and souls so sad they could barely speak.



Most striking was the lingo. Even as there is a form of Japanese used only to address the emperor, so there are forms of English heard only in courts. A cop the size of a refrigerator sits at the witness table, before him a folder as dainty as a diploma. "May I refer to my paper work?" he barks. "If it would refresh your recollection," the assistant district attorney replies. We heard that colloquy about 75 times. Other argot is peculiar to New Yorkers. When city folk drop their wallets, their weapons, or themselves to the ground, they say, "to the floor." They only know unnatural materials.

The naïve bourgeoisie of the grand jury were impressed by the cover of undercover cops. We saw a parade of seeming riffraff—bruisers, bums, Lincoln Tunnel whores—all dangling badges. The spectacle reinforced whatever incentives we had to be good: Not only God and our mothers, but every third lowlife on the street may be watching. Human surveillance is backed by videotape, as we saw in the reality TV of cameras posted in bodegas and housing projects. French theorists talk about the imperial gaze; we shared it—an eerie sensation. Surveillance cameras do help nab the guilty; Big Brother probably also had his reasons.

Many of the tales before us were woven with a backing of drugs. Thieves stole to support habits, clients were victimized by dealers, women were dulled to brutal copulation by chemical anodynes. An argument for prohibition? No. For temperance, certainly. "Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation," said Benjamin Franklin. To which we might add, "Snort not to frenzy."

Over time I was most im/depressed by the women in abusive relationships. One class at the bottom of society is an incompetent matriarchy. Women run the home because they are the only people consistently at home. But they placidly allow themselves to be bullied and beaten by migrating men who tell them, often between blows, that they love them. They resent the blows (sometimes), but they believe the love-talk. The men who torment them fill the role of prince consorts, and they are often princely: comparatively well-spoken and alert. They have a cock of the head, or a grave demeanor. They are pretenders, though, ruling over tiny kingdoms of honor and imposition. They are punks.

There came a time (as we say in courtland) when I saw in the list of witnesses a dead president. The hero's namesake was, of course, black. These days the finest old names are found only among African Americans, and the Society of the Cincinnati. He was stooped and shuffling—ailing? Addicted? Who could tell? He lived in a shelter, where he had become entangled in some depredation. It was strange for a historian to see an icon in such sad shape. Fame means giving your name to the ages, and to anyone. What did Lincoln Kirstein and George Lincoln Rockwell have in common with the Great Emancipator? All I could do for the man before me was what I do for the dead: I tried to do him justice. **NR**

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mortimer Adler Is Dead

NEW YORK, JUNE 29

MORTIMER ADLER left school at 15 to work as a secretary to the editor of the *New York Sun*. Two years later he read Plato, and resolved to become a philosopher.

That kind of thing doesn't happen very often; on the other hand phenomena like Mortimer Adler don't happen very often. There was nothing in the world he did not think about and seek to memorialize in his own writings. He teamed up with Robert Hutchins, who was president of the University of Chicago, and took on the creation of a library of great books. For the very idea of this there were those who scorned him, but on trivial grounds, when you come down to it. There was a seminar in Washington in 1990 at which a dozen resplendent scholars were assembled to give their opinions of a second version of the Great Books. Several had been added (Twain, Balzac), one or two dropped (Fielding, Sterne). Gertrude Himmelfarb wanted to know why there wasn't a book in the collection by Burke. Dr. Adler answered that Burke hadn't ever written a book. That sounded tricky, but it wasn't, really: A formalistic point can have formal standing, and Adler was insisting that the Great Books had to be books in the first instance, and even a collection of Burke's speeches didn't make a book out of them. And the sniping went on.

What Adler did, with his staff and his coadjutor Hutchins, was to reprint 443 Great Books in a 54-volume set. But hold on a minute, that wasn't all. He contributed what he called a "syntopicon." This took a 100-odd "great ideas" and set out to identify the treatment of them in the Great Books.

The ideas (alphabetically, *angel* was the first, *world* the last) were treated, or not treated, by Homer, the first Great Book, on over to Freud, the latest Great Book. The syntopicon introduced each idea with a 10,000-word essay, followed by an outline of topics. Under angels: "1. Inferior deities or demi-gods in polytheistic religion," ending with, "8. Criticism and satire with respect to the belief in angels and demons;" followed by 17 pages giving the volume, and where in it the subtopics appeared.

A mind-numbing enterprise insufficiently celebrated for its scope, ambition, and utility. But Adler suffered from the constancy of his belief that philosophy oughtn't to appeal only to the specialists. Adler wanted more people, at age 17, to experience Plato, and he didn't trivialize Plato but tried in a scholarly way with unscholarly enthusiasm to sing out the joys of following Plato around:

WFB: You begin by reaching a very interesting conclusion [in your book, *How to Think About God: A Guide for the 20th Century Pagan*], which I would like to hear you dilate on, namely that it doesn't really matter whether there was a prime mover [i.e., a force that created the first earthly thing].

Adler: That, it seems to me, is terribly important. That is, if one begins by assuming that the world started at some time—there was a time when there was nothing and the world began—

WFB: You're making a temporal point?

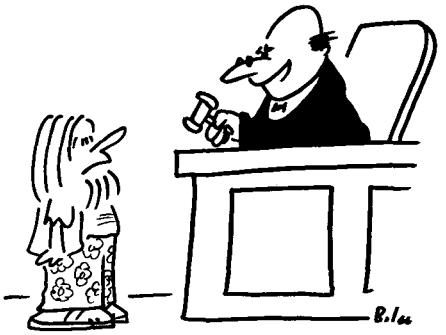
Adler: That's right. A temporal point. Then one has begged the question because one has *assumed* God's existence.

WFB: Why?

Adler: Because if anything comes into existence out of nothing, it needs a cause, and that cause has to be the—my word for that cause—is exnihilation [the creation of something from nothing].

WFB: Why can't that cause be chemical?

Adler: Because all of our natural science, which I think is reliable, teaches us that the causes in nature do nothing but cause *change*. There is no natural cause that is the cause of *existence* or *being*.



"You're in for a guilt trip, man."

Adler would go on in that way, talking as offhandedly as if conversing with a neighbor in a bus seat, passing the time of day. He did a new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He was the dogged philosopher if ever there was one, an exuberant practitioner of philosophy, an ambitious proponent of the extraordinary proposition that human beings need to think even as they need bread and water, and that philosophy is the great granary of mankind.

It is curious that the large obituary in the *New York Times*, by William Grimes, neglected to mention that Mortimer Adler, doctor of psychology and law and philosophy, found himself in later years believing in the premises of Christianity and, toward the end, in the mandate of the Roman Catholic Church. Religious belief is unfashionable in metropolitan intellectual circles, but on that subject, Mortimer Adler could have written 20 books, and in fact did.

The Ayatollah Comes To New Jersey

NEW YORK, JULY 10

GET a load of this! An epic struggle looming on the uses and abuses of political rhetoric; major contenders: Bret D. Schundler ("think of Schindler's List, then just change *Shi* to *Shu*," he says affably to the voters who have trouble with his name) vs. James E. McGreevey for governor of New Jersey. Schundler is a Republican and a Presbyterian. McGreevey is a Democrat and a Catholic. Schundler opposes abortion, McGreevey favors abortion.

On Saturday morning, newspaper readers learned that Schundler had accused McGreevy of 1) a lack of tolerance, 2) a disregard for the Catholic Church so categorical as to question the qualification of any Catholic to serve in public office, the whole of which cast McGreevey as, 3), the equivalent of the ayatollah in Iran.

Well, McGreevey was shocked by this line of argument, as also *New York Times* reporter David Halbfinger, who, in a story, traced the syllogisms, and the paralogisms, in this headline encounter.

Nobody disputes that the Catholic

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Church denounces abortion. Why? Because, in the understanding of the Church, a fetus is a human being, to be sure, unborn.

So what do we think of people who care naught for the lives (as postulated) of human beings? Why they are, Mr. Schundler has been quoted as saying, not to be distinguished from murderers, Nazis, and slave owners. Moreover, anyone who denounces a right-to-lifer as unqualified to serve in government is acting like the ayatollah and is guilty in effect of religious persecution.

Now on a purely theoretical chart, you have indeed a syllogism at work. Proposition A: The fetus is a human life. Proposition B: A Jew is a human life. Proposition C: The Nazis, in killing Jews, scorned human life. Proposition D: The abortionists, by killing the fetus, scorn human life. Therefore, the abortionists and the Nazis have the same views on human life.

Consider, now, attendant complications which, in the McGreevey–Schundler contest, illuminate political contentions in America on a enormous black/white screen. The man accused of indifference to baby genocide is—a Catholic! His accuser, a non-Catholic! The Catholic takes a step forward in the contest and says that nobody who opposes abortion is fit to serve. The Protestant replies that the Catholic advocating choice is untrue to his *own* religion and, derivatively, either an apostate or an infidel.

Round and round they go. The New Jersey governorship fight is the most conspicuous political encounter in the United States this November. And this is so in part because Schundler, who is trying to do for fetuses what Schindler tried to do for the Jews, is a tough and very eloquent conservative politician, arrived on the scene fresh from a stunning victory over Bob Franks, who would have defeated the Democratic winner in the Senate fight of 2000 if Jon Corzine had had only $59 million instead of $60 million to fight Franks with. Well, Franks has been a wonderful, graceful loser, joining ranks heartily with Schundler, and this notwithstanding that Franks is on the choice side of the abortion question.

Now Schundler is going to have to retreat on the facile charge that pro-abortion people are like Nazis and ayatollahs. But McGreevey is going to have to wiggle out of the position that Catholics are, to the extent they believe in the Church's teaching on abortion, unqualified to hold office.

Then there is the root question of tolerance. Everybody who aspires to grown-up thought in politics knows as well as that the sun will rise tomorrow that a Governor Bret Schundler would be zero menace to anybody in New Jersey, or Alaska, who wanted an abortion. But McGreevey has political hay to harvest in suggesting the contrary. Schundler has to worry that by suggesting that choicers are like Nazis, he will mobilize against him all who do not fear Schundler, but don't want someone with his views to succeed politically.

The New Jersey election gives us everything: Catholic non-miscegenation on the abortion issue, and a challenge to political hygiene.

The ayatollah is looking in; so are *Robert's Rules of Order*.

On the Road to Mandalay

NEW YORK, JULY 13

FROM this quarter there was no call made on the Bush administration to heave into the Olympic Games question, seeking to obstruct the selection of Peking for the 2008 site. The problem for the United States was now as the problem had been for nine years on another theater: Do we take official action to protest China's violation of human rights—or do we take unofficial action?

Novitiates should remind themselves that we went through exactly the same question when the Soviet Union applied for the role as host for 1980. In the late '70s, we heard the identical things we hear today, and the naysayers were as persuasive as they were in the last few months against Peking. Most frequently, back then, the Olympics of 1936 were brought up. That was the year in which Adolf Hitler strutted his stuff in Berlin and handed Leni Riefenstahl the material for the great movie drama featuring German athleticism and, however indirectly, racial purity.

Outstanding among the critics of Olympics-in-Berlin was Sir Arnold Lunn, the British mountaineer, essayist, historian, and athlete (he invented the slalom). His arguments have not grown old, and are eloquently put forward today by, e.g., the editors of *The Weekly Standard*. They are that every means by which nations can objectify their displeasure with human-rights abuses should be taken. You rule out war against a country that denies human rights, especially if that country has nuclear weapons. Having done that, apply every other pressure you can think of. And denying sponsorship of the Olympic Games is one such. Hitler lusted for them, so did Brezhnev, so does Jiang Zemin. Inasmuch as the United States was not a member of the committee that made the decision, all we could have done was use our (considerable, but not irresistible) influence. Would we have lightened the burden of those in China who suffer?

Probably not, because saying no on the Olympic question wasn't something that gave to Peking a probationary period in which to show that it was getting a lesson. When in 1993 President Clinton had to rule, by congressional notice, that human rights in China were better . . . worse . . . unchanged . . ., we got into the habit of closing our eyes to syllogistic formulations. Yes, human rights were bad; yes, we have the alternative to alter our trade policies—therefore? Therefore we did nothing.

We have got ourselves a little consolation prize. In anticipation of Peking's selection by the Olympic Committee, we tell ourselves that Peking has to be careful not to risk its victory by an act of aggression similar to that of Moscow. When the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in December 1979, President Carter announced a boycott of the Olympics.

That boycott worked in part, but was not popular with the American people. What preempted public concern during the pre-Olympic months of 1980 wasn't the plight of the Afghans facing an aggressive Soviet army. It was the plight of a few hundred 20-year-olds who had labored four years to develop prowess in their sports. In most cases, they would not live to fight another day. It was then or never that they'd run the half-mile course. The competitive sportsman's license to play is short-lived.

A lesson for the United States in 2008: If Peking decides, six months before the games, to act as Moscow did—invade a country—we had better prepare to resist with other weapons than the boycott of the Olympic Games. The idea that Peking, if it is bent on military aggression against Taiwan, would be deterred from doing so for fear of an Olympic boycott is inherently preposterous. Whatever remaining influence Karl Marx has on China's leaders, probably the neo-Marxists still concur that great historical moments are unmoved by the site of the Olympic Games.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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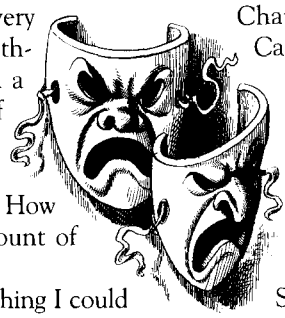
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

I'VE been sitting here trying to calculate how many times I've seen Gary Condit run down the Capitol's back stairs.

I tried multiplying the number of days since the story broke by three (CNN, MSNBC, Fox News), and then multiplying by three again for the number of times a day I watch the news. But wait. What about all the talk shows? Some have been using the stairway clip as a lead-in, repeating it after every commercial break, while others have been putting it in a miniature box in a corner of the screen where it plays over and over during updates, often in slow motion. How could I get an accurate count of that?



It was no use. The only thing I could be sure of was the wisdom of America's leading cliché: It was time to put it behind me and move on, so I turned off the calculator, turned on the TV, and promptly saw Condit running down the stairs again.

Writing about breaking news for a fortnightly publication is risky, but several aspects of the Chandra Levy case have taken on enough permanence to allow for commentary, and one in particular is already etched in marble. I refer to the unidentified "law-enforcement source" who told reporters from the *Washington Times* that Condit had as many as six other women on the string, adding, "They are all types and ages."

Has inclusion come to this? Chandra is Jewish and Anne Marie Smith appears to be a WASP. Who else will surface? Maybe Condit studied the new Census form and went down the list so he would have one of each . . . Pacific Islander, Inuit, Nordic-Cambodian, Hispano-Amerind, Other. Men used to have a "type" and talked volubly about the distinctive charms of "my kind of woman," but if diversity gathers any more steam they'll soon be walking on eggs about what will no doubt be called the "bedmate community."

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One thing you can say for discrimination: It reduces the scoring to manageable proportions. A baseball love life is one thing, but it sounds as if Condit has been playing midnight basketball.

A little discrimination might have kept Chandra out of his orbit. One of the few personal facts to emerge about him is his attachment to his Harley. Here we come to an example of the power of reasonless, rockheaded prejudice in all its vainglory. Chandra's mother, being Jewish, Californian, and younger than I, probably rejects this kind of thinking, but I was raised on it. It goes like this: "Men who ride motorcycles are white-trash." Period. Paragraph. Q.E.D. Fiats like this are usually delivered by a formidable Southern dowager who holds facts instead of opinions and thus has never felt the need to explain herself. In my case, my grandmother, who had only to see or hear a motorcycle to launch her one-woman class war. She never missed a chance to fire a volley; once, at the movies during previews of *The Wild One*, she jabbed me in the ribs and whispered, "See?" She made an exception for motorcycle policemen (she loved cops), but any other man who rode one was DOA.

Unfair? Of course. Did I free myself from my prejudiced upbringing and adopt enlightened thinking? Nope. If I were Chandra's mother I would have put her under citizen's arrest, house arrest, and any other kind of arrest I could dream up the moment I found out about that motorcycle. For that matter, if I had been Chandra, I would have snubbed him myself, congressman or no.

The point is not motorcycles per se, but our steadily shrinking willingness to act on preconceived opinions. Today's constant drumbeat of universal acceptance is a big reason why young women become crime victims. Hunches, sixth sense, all the inexplicable wisdom of "just because" and "not quite right" that once served the cause of female safety are now condemned as judgmentalism. I can think of several things about Gary Condit that lend themselves to speculative analysis under "Men who . . . ," but I doubt that girls like Chandra Levy are even capable of starting a sentence that way.

This case may be solved by the time you read this—or two minutes after I e-mail it to NR—so I won't go out on a limb with predictions, but I will tell you (1) what I hope happened, and (2) the déjà-vu scenario that could have been set in motion by accident.

My hope is springing eternal right now because I haven't been so solidly on a woman's side since Mrs. Harris shot the Scarsdale diet doctor. Gary Condit was made to order for my gut-reaction approach to human relations. Motorcycles aside, one look at him was enough because I've been against teeth since the Kennedys, but what really infuriated me was his warning to Chandra that if she breathed one word about their relationship, it would be "done, over, kaput."

I hope she staged her own disappearance to get even with him. Female guile carried off in the grand manner of Delilah and Lola Montez would give us a much-needed antidote to feminist victim studies, harassment lawsuits, and the whole dreary equality scene, and re-educate young women on the lost art of how to cause trouble like the big girls do.

The déjà-vu scenario popped into my head when Fox News reported the allegation that Condit hobnobbed with the Hell's Angels crowd.

Simplistic trogs know they are simplistic trogs, so when a man of superior social rank deigns to hang out with them, they sometimes develop a dumb loyalty to him in gratitude for his attention.

Do you remember the story of how Henry II accidentally ordered the execution of Thomas à Becket? Or maybe it was accidentally on purpose. Nobody knows for sure, but Henry supposedly wailed, "Will no one rid me of this troublesome priest?" and a band of eager-to-please trogs showed up at Canterbury Cathedral and did exactly that.

It's just possible that Condit innocently let drop some casual remark about the troublesome Chandra at a bikerfest, and somebody took him too literally. **NR**

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